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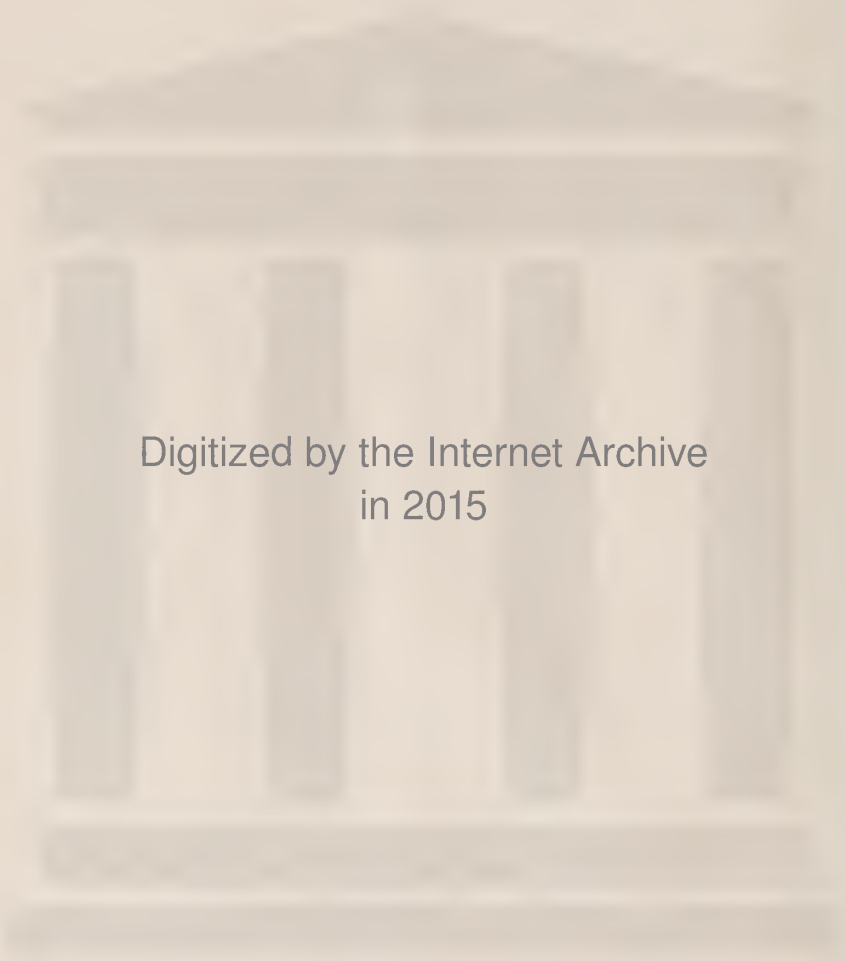
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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1892. No. 8.

THE last mail from India brings tidings, for which previous letters had somewhat prepared our minds, of the death of Mrs. J. L. Scott, at Mussoorie, on June 2. The day following, her mortal remains were laid in Dehra cemetery, beside the grave of her husband, who went Home twelve years before her.

Mrs. Scott's missionary service began thirty-eight years ago and she has been widely known as the efficient and successful head of Woodstock School ever since its opening in 1873. We were hoping to have her again in America in the course of a few months, but she "not once at ease sat down" nor left her "arduous work," which we fear made the last a very weary year, until prostrated on a bed of pain, from which she rose to take her crown. The Reaper has been entering many missionary homes and has gathered little children like buds of spring, but Mrs. Scott is taken, a shock of corn fully ripe.

THAT magnificent throng of enthusiastic young Christian Endeavorers in Madison Square Garden was a sight to thrill the heart with hope for the country and for the kingdom of God. The largest number from any one body of Christians are Presbyterians. The total membership is 1,370,200. Of them, 120,000 joined the Church last year. One of the benevolent societies of the Congregational Church received $43,000 last year from their contingent. Perhaps of all the words spoken from that eloquent platform none were more telling than these from a Chinaman of St. Louis: "I know that no political platform in this country would welcome a Chinaman, today, but your Christianity is broad enough to let him in." "If the government will not permit Chinese to come to this country, must you not the more, will you not, go there to carry them the gospel?"

A FEW generous friends arranged a fine display of pictures and curios and put the Mission House generally *en fête*, July 9, to receive visitors from the Christian Endeavor Convention, and about a thousand young Presbyterians, from Maine to Texas, gave us the joy of their presence. It was pleasant to hear an occasional one say, "I determined to see this place before I left New York," and we venture the opinion that every one of them carried away a vivid impression of the Mission House as a permanent centre of work in their Church and the officers of her Boards as living men and cordial friends.

THE Chairman of the Editorial Committee once more requests all correspondents who wish to communicate with this magazine to address, *not herself*, but the editor, *Miss Ellen C. Parsons*, or, simply, the *Editor*. Our missionary friends are particularly asked to regard this request, for, though it may seem to make no difference which Miss Parsons they write to, it may easily make the difference of a month in the publication of their letters.

THIS month sees a wise change in the subject of special prayer and study throughout our Church. Instead of the old theme, "Papal Europe," the Board of Foreign Missions has advised us to devote August to the Korea Mission, which has been crowding upon Japan in past Septembers. This is but justice to our solid and harmonious little Mission and to Korea itself, whose importance as a field of Christian effort has been fast growing upon the missionary consciousness.

A CHURCH of Christ was founded in Ratnagiri, S. India, March 12, and our friends, Miss Jefferson and Miss Minor, not having yet received their letters of church membership from home, but determined to begin with the new church at the start, united on confession of faith.

TWO Native ministers, the first to be installed as pastors in the S. India Mis-

sion, were lately placed in charge of the churches at Kolhapur and Kodali.

Miss Dean and Mrs. Van Hook are having a hard time getting out of Persia. At last accounts they were suffering a long detention at Tabriz, not being able to get a passport because the American Consul was absent from his post. In addition to this, Miss Dean had been robbed not far from Oroomiah. And this, after devoting thirty years to the redemption of Persia!

It will give the most unaffected joy to thousands of friends and admirers of the Pundita Ramabai to hear what the London *Christian* says of her. While Dr. Pentecost was in Poona last season she attended his services for six weeks without missing a meeting and, on one occasion, rose and gave her testimony of faith in Christ as the Redeemer of the world. She afterward wrote a letter to Dr. Pentecost in which she states explicitly that at the meeting on such a night she cast herself on Jesus as her Saviour and since then his peace has ruled her soul. With this baptism on her, who can compute the good that the Pundita, perhaps the ablest and most distinguished Native woman of India, can do?

During the past season, Rev. J. N. Lyon has given himself to preaching in a hundred Chinese villages, bringing up for Sunday service and evening prayer at a mission chapel at the foot of Mt. Lion, about five miles from Soochow. This is a specimen of the opportunities for the evangelist in Central China.

"Drinking, which was a terrible curse all over Liberia ten and twenty years ago, seems to be decidedly decreasing. In all the up-country settlements no man can be a member of any church who sells liquor or drinks openly.

"At Monrovia, the principal port of Liberia, the whole liquor business is in the hands of white men. All the colored merchants are Christians and will not handle drink. England, Germany and Norway all have their representatives engaged in a business which the despised Liberian Christians will not touch."—*From Rev. A. C. Good's Report on the Liberia Mission.*

Mr. Good found that the handful of American negroes in Liberia have been able to get a foothold among densely-peopled communities of native pagans and have won their fear and respect. He says: "We think of the colored people of the South as Africans, but when we see them beside the savage native, we realize that even slavery was made a blessing to Liberians. Their history has been like that of Joseph thus far; if they would now share their blessings with their brethren."

News from Uganda is very exciting, but until the English missionaries are heard from cannot be wholly trusted. There has been fighting between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, in which the latter suffered defeat, but the projected withdrawal of the British East Africa Company will leave the Mission exposed to great peril, unless the English Government comes to the rescue. "Whatever course may be eventually adopted by our rulers," says the C. M. S. *Intelligencer*, "our duty is clear, and the Committee are certain, by the help of God, not to shrink or to hesitate regarding it."

Apropos of the situation at Uganda, it is well to remember how Mr. Cust made a journey to Algiers in 1879 to expostulate with Cardinal Lavigerie against sending Roman Catholic priests into Uganda; how the Cardinal professed to agree with his visitor and —— the next day sent on his priests, to the confusion of King Mtesa's religious ideas, and after the Episcopal Mission had already been established two years.

Any one familiar with the publications of the Church Missionary Society (London) is struck with the frequent announcement of missionaries appointed from the families of leading officers of the Society and prominent clergymen in the Church, many of whom go out at their own charges. This sort of thing is by no means so common in America as it is in England. Among some recent appointments we notice, a daughter of an Honorary Life Governor of the Society, a daughter of the well-known Secretary, Mr. Wigram, her brother having gone out to Lahore College last year. A daughter of Canon Tristram is in Japan. Two children of another Honorary Secretary are in the field; the son of Mrs. Sandys, Ladies' Candidate Committee; a nephew of Rev. Marshall Lang; and the son of T. Fowell Buxton (a Vice-President of the Society) is in Japan, whither he conducted a whole band of fellow missionaries at his own expense.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN KOREA

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

General direction, American Presbyterian Mission.

Mrs. Hugh Brown, M.D.,	Seoul.	Mrs. James S. Gale,	Seoul.	Mrs. C. C. Vinton,	Seoul.
Miss Susan A. Doty,	"	Mrs. D. L. Gifford.	"	Mrs. W. M. Baird,	Fusan.

In this country: Mrs. H. G. Underwood, M.D., address, 30 Vesey St., New York City.

AROUND IN SEOUL.

AUNTIE.

As Paris is the ideal city to the Frenchman, and as Chicago is heaven to the cowboy and squatter of the West, so is Seoul the one place in the universe to every Korean. The countryman of this peninsula bandages on his white clothes and wends his way to the capital, as a Moslem would go to Mecca. The first sight of its south and east gateways fills him with wonder. He pats himself proudly and says: "I'm a Korean, let no man forget it; and yonder is Seoul." He pilgrims up Wall Street, open-mouthed, in amazement at everything. Seoul! Seoul! Among other marvels he comes suddenly upon a *Yangeen* (European). Says he: "Look now! What's that? Whew! Eyes upside down! Nose almighty!" He stands watching the receding form of this Occidental, and by way of further comment adds: "Poor foreign savage! See his tight breeches and short coat! How hard up for cloth! Ha! ha!"

Thinking thus within himself, our honest countryman passes through the archway and is swallowed up by the city. Wonderful Seoul! We, too, finish our walk and return in time to hear the iron-plated gates creak and shut for the night, as they have swung back and forth for five hundred years.

Notwithstanding our good man's opinion, I must say that Seoul is picturesque only when night hides the cesspools and heaps of garbage that block the way, and when we see but dimly by the light of passing lanterns. . . . Let us watch the night come on.

For an hour or two the streets are alive with flitting lights, then all disappear; shutter mats go down and the city is given up to dogs and darkness. The young *yangban* (aristocrat) wears his evening hat, smokes his pipe, talks wisely, but he keeps close indoors. He never walks Main street or attends an oratorio in company with Miss Kuie or Miss Ee. Oratorios there are none, and the streets are black as Tophet, with no object stirring but perhaps a straggling Westerner and bristling troops of dogs.

Miss Kuie and Miss Ee! Just how fair and how beautiful these ladies are I cannot even guess, for they have kept close at home the past three years — yes, the past five hundred years. No one sees them. They never trip forth to do their shopping or go picnicking up the Han. All Chosen's charmers are buried in heaps of mud and tiles and straw, while the world exists as homely and uninteresting as a bonnet-shape minus the trimmings. We are aware of the existence of Korean lassies only by the part they play in life: a part with two laundry sticks that, night after night, rattle the city off to sleep.

I met an old gentleman from the West not long ago who said he did not mind the laundry sticks at all, in fact would rather have only these than to hear female voices in political meetings, at election corners, in religious conferences, on the bench, etc. "Look at the women at home," said he. I said I would like to have a look, but had not had a chance for some time. "Tut! man, not that at all. I mean how they are acting; perfectly ridiculous." A most remarkable old man, with all his peculiarities.

Among the women of Korea I have one old friend who sometimes does mending, and as they have no name for persons of her position I call her "Auntie." I asked Auntie why it was they made such prisoners of the women. She says, "It's custom, you know, custom (*pung sok*), and you can't change custom." Auntie is sixty-three now, but she still wears a mantle as she walks the streets, in remembrance of girlhood days. She says: "I belonged to the working class. When I was quite young, a *yangban* brought me from the country to be his slave and I never saw

my home again. After some years I was married, but my husband died early, when I was only thirty-four, and since then I've had to work hard to live."

She says she would not so much mind it all if it were not for a sickness that she has had for ten summers now. A "breathing sickness" she calls it; something that catches her at the corners of the breath and, she adds, "When the breath won't go, nothing goes." She has been to consult the magicians and medicine men, but all in vain. "They can't make breath."

This is "Auntie's" history as she gives it. To judge from the white hair and deep-furrowed face, I would say that if it were all told it would be a longer and more toilsome history than this.

Jas. S. Gale.

THE MAP.

Chemulpo, on the west coast, one of but three treaty ports in Korea, is where all missionaries have hitherto entered the country. Our Methodist brethren maintain a chapel there.

Seoul (*Sole*), the capital, is twenty-five miles from the coast and the centre of our interests in Korea. Here the mission lays its plans, carries on preaching, hospital, girls' school, boys' *pay* school, and translating. In this city most of the missionaries live, but they by no means stay here. Every man of them has made one or more itinerating trips the past year into the far Interior, north and south, and from Seoul they direct evangelistic work on each of these trodden pathways. Mrs. Gifford had two large Bible classes (one item of many) and saw 1,000 Korean women last year. Mr. Gale, our new Canadian missionary, finished his translation of the book of Acts. Dr. Vinton had 1,633 patients in government hospital during seven months, of whom 67 were in-patients; the minor operations were 74. Koreans have said that "even stone, wood and animals have had their feelings aroused" by the benefits of medical missions in their country.

Fusan (*Foo-sahn*) is a treaty port on the south-east coast, two days from Nagasaki. The harbor is spacious enough for a navy, the town is walled. The Japanese held Fusan 300 years as a military fortress and they (7,000 strong) now monopolize trade there. The Korean population is 5,000 and includes a great many coolies and fishermen. The mission has planted a station here not so much for Fusan itself as because Fusan is the key to a whole crowded province. It is Mr. Baird's intention to spend half the year in this city and devote the other half to country work. Southern Korea is conservative and Roman Catholics are also in occupation. Mr. and Mrs. Baird moved into their house, the first missionary home built in Fusan, last May, and a relief it must have been after living for several months in a Korean house with a party of five Australian missionaries and two months more in a go-down of one room. Official Korean buildings are near the mission house.

By the recent death of Mrs. McKay and the failure of Mr. McKay's health, the representatives of the Victorian Church of Australia (Presbyterian) are just now reduced to three single women. Dr. Hardie, of Toronto, is also here.

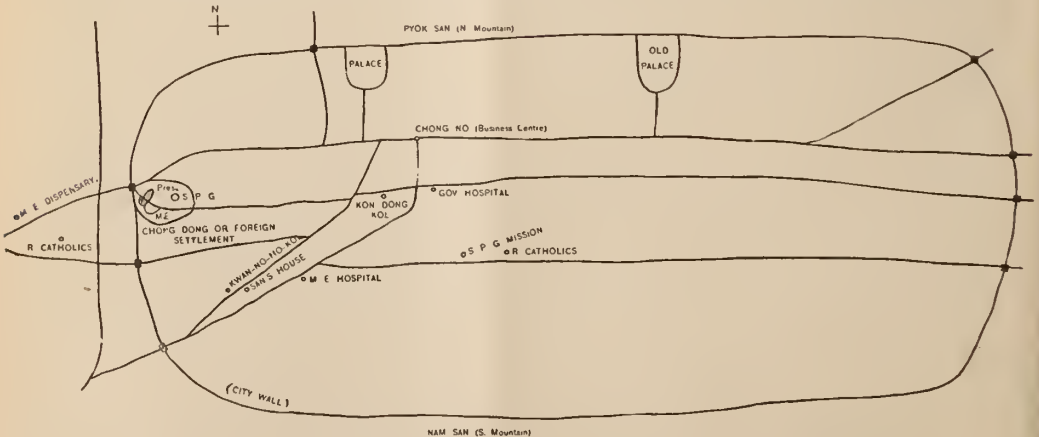


DIAGRAM OF THE CITY OF SEOUL. (KON DONG KOL, WHERE MR. AND MRS. GALE LIVE.)

One San (Korean form), or Gen San (Japanese form), the third treaty port, is in the north-eastern province of Korea. It is 170 miles, or six days' travel, from Seoul. It has a population of 15,000 and, as in the case of Fusan, is selected as a station because it is the door to a wide field. A fine climate is claimed for this province and beautiful scenery all the way up to the Russian border, and it is the most prosperous region in Korea. Mr. and Mrs. Gale look forward with high hopes to entering One San this autumn. Canadian missionaries are already there and Roman Catholics. The latter have small influence in North Korea, while our missionaries are able in cities, towns, or villages to preach to "hundreds of groups of people who have never heard the gospel."

Eui Ju (*We jew*), in the great province of Pyeng An (or Yang) is a sub-station

of the mission, which has a house and maintains an evangelist there all the year, while our brethren periodically spend some weeks there for the sake of establishing the believers. Rev. S. A. Moffett and Dr. Hugh Brown are probably there as these lines are written. There are 34 church members in Eui Ju, a place of 20,000 to 30,000 people. In the course of a former itineration in this province Mr. Moffett and his companion found what they named Starvation Camp, on the Chinese border, where their food for two weeks was mostly boiled oats and millet. Of 39 cities in this province they have touched several, notably the Capital, Pyeng An, containing 70,000 to 100,000 souls. An inquiry class has been formed here.

In view of these wide provinces which lie unclaimed for Christ, Dr. Underwood in burning words at home, and his colleagues on the other side, have sent a loud call to the Board for reinforcements. Four ordained men and one physician with their wives, and two unmarried women are preparing to leave for Korea in September. The privilege of establishing the first evangelical mission to this country fell to our Church and dates back only to 1888.

The Southern Presbyterian Church is inaugurating a mission to Korea this autumn. Three men are under appointment and will, of course, work in friendly alliance with our Mission.

Our Methodist neighbors in Seoul will keep their numbers good. They have five single women, one a physician.

A TRIP TO ANNUAL MEETING FROM FUSAN.

When the letters came from Seoul urging attendance at the annual meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Missionary looked at each other and then at their half-finished house on the hill with a very dubious expression.

"I hardly see how I can get off," said Mr. Missionary, evidently thinking of the previous Sunday, when, on returning in a mental frame of Sunday peace and tranquility from a little evangelistic trip to a neighboring village, he had discovered his carpenters carrying off his bricks to build a house in the Chinese quarters.

"But they won't dare do that again," urged Mrs. Missionary.

"Perhaps not; but they may strike again and quit work altogether."

"If they do the Chinese Consul can give them all a beating apiece, as he promised," said Mrs. Missionary, with very much the air of a hard-hearted despot.

Now, as Mr. Missionary really wanted to go himself, there was not much occasion for urging, but it did look for a time as if they were not intended to go. However, as they waited before the Lord for some indication of his will the clouds seemed to break away. The workmen settled down to good, steady work, other difficulties cleared away somewhat, and finally a new suit of good, warm clothes, of which Mr. Missionary stood sadly in need, arrived just in the nick of time. So, when a telegram was received from Seoul they said to each other that if nothing happened to keep them, up to the last hour before the boat's departure, they would telegraph back that they were coming.

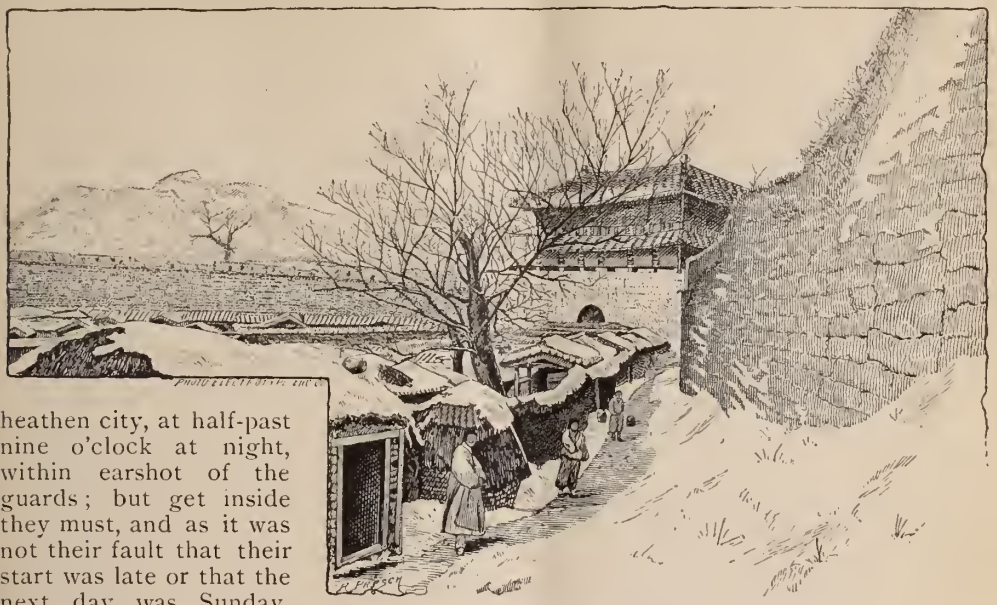
The two days' trip from Fusan to Chemulpo, over a choppy, stormy, mid-winter sea, is an experience about which there is not much uncertainty. After the first meal on board, Mr. and Mrs. Missionary lay prone in their berths, loathing all well-meant offers of food and trying to stay their minds with the thought that it would soon be over. Toward the last Mrs. Missionary ventured the suggestion that they should go home overland, but Mr. Missionary was too much reduced to even smile at the feeble joke.

However, when a bright, crisp January morning found them anchored just outside the bay at Chemulpo, with the cheerful face of a brother from Seoul to greet them, they forgot all their miseries and felt that a good, hearty meal on land would make them ready for anything. It was after eleven o'clock when the little procession took up its way, Mrs. Missionary comfortably disposed of in a sedan chair, with six Korean coolies for bearers, and the two gentlemen on foot.

"You can't possibly make it before the gates are shut," said friends in Chemulpo. "You will have to sleep outside the walls."

With twenty-eight miles to go and the city gates closed at six o'clock, there was an element of likelihood about this suggestion that almost seemed to tickle a strain of wild fancy that existed somewhere in the mental recesses of this se-

date missionary trio. Of course they wouldn't deliberately plan to scale the great wall, thirty feet high, of an old heathen city, at half-past nine o'clock at night, within earshot of the guards; but get inside they must, and as it was not their fault that their start was late or that the next day was Sunday, they conceived that if the gates were closed they would be able to make circumstances stand around in some way or other.



WALL AND GATE OF SEOUL ON THE OUTSIDE, IN WINTER.

It was an interesting ride, hour after hour over the well-trodden road, past scattered hamlets of mud huts with roofs of thatch; wrinkled old women, with their green silk coats drawn close over their heads and leaning, like Jacob, on their staves; here and there a huge ox, heavily laden with wood or piné brush; troops of Chinamen, mounted on scraggy ponies and hastening to Chemulpo to take boat for the Celestial Kingdom before their great New Year's season should set in; straggling processions of white-robed Koreans slowly making their way toward the Capital.

With these and many other sights not yet commonplace, even after a year's residence in Korea, the day came quickly to a close. The short winter sun dropped behind the hills with a hasty parting glance and the party was still several long miles from Seoul. The coolies had been making good time all day, but in response to repeated urging and the promise of a generous reward they left the main road and took a short cut across the rice fields at a rapid dog trot that seemed promising. Mrs. Missionary tried the effect of inspiriting music and sang all the brisk tunes she could think of. But when they reached the ice-clogged river which must be slowly crossed in a clumsy native boat, the stars were shining full and bright and Seoul still three miles away. Evidently, further hurry was useless. Other plans were quickly formed as the party wound through the narrow streets of the outlying hamlets of Seoul, keeping close together out of respect for the reports of frequent highway robberies committed since the setting in of cold weather. The chair could be left at the Methodist dispensary and, by taking a by-path for a short distance, the guards at the gate could be avoided, not so much because they were guards as because they were said to be the perpetrators of the robberies in question.

At the wall a place was selected where the stones were large and loose and the ledge at the top broken down. Up went a coolie, who had evidently climbed the wall before, with the promise to bring a rope as soon as possible, and after him the brother from Seoul, slowly picking his way from one frozen stone to another, and filling the watchers below with some little anxiety before he reached the top. Then the rope was let down and Mrs. Missionary began preparations to ascend. Intimate acquaintance with the upper stories of certain gnarled and knotty apple and cherry trees had been no unfamiliar experience of her

girlhood, but the ascent of a perpendicular stone wall thirty feet high was a novel attempt. Divested of overshoes and wraps and with skirts well pinned up out of the way, she grasped the rope. Mr. Missionary on the ground below made himself as comprehensive as possible, in case she should fall; the brother from Seoul pulled hard on the rope, and up she went, like most other folks with difficult undertakings on hand, without half the effort that she had thought would be necessary. Then came Mr. Missionary with less effort still, followed by the coolies and luggage. Then they all drew a long breath and indulged in a feeling of jubilance.

It was half-past nine when they reached Miss Doty's, but a hearty welcome and a hot dinner still awaited them. Later on, as they sat before the fire in the old heathen temple which was to be their abiding place during their two weeks' stay, they agreed that they were but little tired, the trip had been most pleasant and they never thought of the sea voyage at all.

To be in the little old temple again was a pleasure in itself. Such enormous beams cross the ceiling and along the walls are such beautiful little cabinets of dark, old wood, where ancestral tablets were once deposited with pious care. Now the tablets are gone, no one knows where, and on the wall of the little porch outside the paper-covered doors, are inscribed the Saviour's words to little children: "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But the furnishings of that temple were as much a curiosity as a delight. A stove from Mr. Gifford, chairs from Dr. Vinton, a screen from Mr. Moffett, curtains from Mrs. Heron, table and chairs from Dr. Brown, bed and rug and numerous other articles from Miss Doty. If there was nothing in that room from Mr. Gale, it was because he is* a bachelor and lives by himself and probably hasn't much on his shelves but bread and cheese.

Of the Annual Meeting, which continued from Monday until Friday night, little need be said here, except that it was one of such cordial good will and harmony and such earnest plans for the future that every member of the mission felt stronger and fresher for the next year's work. We are greedy for the new workers that have been promised us and anxious that the best distribution should be made of them. We want to arrange our daily routine so that we may have more time for the study of the language, but, more than all, we want that spirit for ours which will enable us to vaunt not ourselves, to suffer long and endure all things, to think no evil, to be not easily provoked, to seek not our own.

Annie Laurie Adams Baird.

* *Was;* all changed since April 18.—EDITOR.

INCIDENTS IN WORK AMONG THE WOMEN OF KOREA.

SPRING and early summer are the seasons for work among the lower and middle classes of Korean women. The rainy season of July and August is unfavorable; autumn is filled with preparation of sauer-krout and cotton-padded clothes for winter use; while the cold weather of winter shuts even the well-to-do women up closely at home, as Korean custom provides no warm outer garment for outdoor wear.

As spring days grow warm the women begin to wander aimlessly about and are easily led into our meetings, to hear the singing or to see the foreign teacher. The second time, they bring friends who in turn invite others. They often drop in at this season from surrounding villages, sometimes from a distance of thirty miles and more. At the meetings it has been the frequent practice to have the ten commandments repeated by some member of the girls' school. I have never put the question to a woman who would not profess to have always known the commandments and acknowledge that she had not kept them, with one exception; that was a woman of eighty years, who protested that she had both known and kept them, yet the next minute she was asking, "What shall I do to be saved?" "What lack I yet?" The old story of the man whom Jesus looked upon and loved, repeated.

In Korea, as in other countries, the Roman Catholic missionaries were the first on the field. Their work has extended over the greater part of the country and their converts are numbered by the thousands. The Korean Roman Catholic avoids the Protestant missionary unless he has some object, of advantage either to himself or his church, in view. It is not often that one of them is beguiled

into attending one of our meetings, at least for the second time. When thrown in our way, it is exceedingly difficult to deal with them in a way that promises good.

One Sabbath afternoon while teaching a class of women, many of whom I had never seen before, one arose and interrupted me by holding up a string of beads and a crucifix, and asking in a challenging manner whether I had anything like them. The policy I adopted with her, whether wisely or not I have not yet determined, was one of open opposition. I told her, her beads were of no value; that there was one mediator between God and man. She was angry and perhaps did more harm, in her indignant harangue to the women after the lesson, than I had done her good. Trying to profit by this experience, I took another course with the next convert of Romanism. She came one week-day, with others, to see our home. I laid before her the plan of salvation through Christ, without letting her realize that I was antagonizing her religion. She said I believed just as she did, but that I had not been taught the truth fully. She proceeded to show me how that by only purchasing a string of beads and a crucifix I might have eternal life. As far as possible I maintained my policy of no apparent contradiction and, as she left me, I felt doubtful whether I had been more successful than in the first case.

I have had one case of an honest inquirer, who, as such always do, herself laid out the plan of treatment. She came to the open door of our study one summer day and asked if she should come in. To this direct question from a total stranger I asked, "What for?" "To study," she replied. I invited her in and found that she had received instruction from a priest, before the persecution of the Roman Catholics a few years ago. She said that since he left Seoul she had had no instruction. She knew nothing of Jesus, she said, except that he was the son of Mary. She listened with close attention to what I had to tell her, and upon leaving took a copy of the Gospel of Mark. Months after this occurrence, one of the Korean Christian men told me of some woman who had received a gospel from me and, having read it, had become converted to the Protestant faith; but that owing to the opposition of her family, who were Roman Catholics, she did not dare to join us openly. She may have been the above mentioned inquirer.

Mary Hayden Gifford.

"THE WOMEN WHO LABOR WITH ME IN THE GOSPEL."

When I look at the company of Christian women and helpers around me and think of their narrow lives, their few opportunities and their many failings, I feel that I must not only pray for them without ceasing, but must "entreat you, also, to help these women which labor with me in the gospel, whose names are in the book of life."

There is Mrs. Pack, a widow with two children, who lives in a part of Seoul where almost no missionary work has been attempted and foreigners are suspected. Many of her friends and neighbors have forsaken her. All attempts to negotiate a suitable marriage for her son have been repulsed, and, since he is a desirable young man of thirteen summers, there can be no possible reason for this coolness aside from his mother's "peculiar religious views."

Under the circumstances, it is not strange that she fears to proclaim herself publicly a Christian, and her anxiety concerning what she shall eat and wherewithal she shall clothe her family often deters her from doing the work and taking the stand I so long to see. I trust, however, that she is a "disciple of Jesus, though secretly," and I am thankful to know that she often reads the Gospel with her children and a few friends, when the little hut is shut up for the night and no unfriendly eye is near.

Next is Mrs. Chang, who is just the opposite of Mrs. Pack. She fears nothing, will talk about the Bible and read it anywhere, bringing large companies of women together, delighting them with her enthusiasm and eloquence until they are often ready to declare themselves Christians, when it seems to me that the still small voice of the Holy Spirit has had no opportunity to be heard.

Oh, how often I wish that Mrs. Chang would not talk quite so much and that we might see more depth of feeling in her own heart!

I am always glad to have little Mrs. Sin near me. At first I was uncertain about her. She seemed so light-hearted and almost careless, always smiling; talk-

ing of Jesus as her nearest friend; delighting in the hymns; losing no opportunity for teaching others about Jesus; caring nothing for what is said about her; never discouraged, never anxious, although I learn through others that her husband drinks and she earns the entire living for the family, often having to pawn her own clothes.

I could not understand this light-heartedness, until one day I heard her telling Mrs. Pack that when one is trusting in Jesus she need never be anxious, even though there may seem to be much cause for anxiety; but if one is not living near to him she cannot help being anxious and distressed, even when there is no real cause for it. Since then her smiles, songs and good cheer have been a lesson to me and you will be glad to pray for a rich blessing upon the Bible work of our own bright, happy little Mrs. Sin.

1. Mrs. Chang. 3. Mrs. Pack and little Chita. 4. Mrs. Yi. 5. Mrs. Chun. 6. Holmonie. 8. Mrs. Sin. 2. Unnamed on the photograph, presumably Unlge-nie. 7. Unnamed.

Her counterpart is Mrs. Yi, who says she believes in Christ and yet cannot seem to trust any of her burdens with him. Her brow is furrowed with so many deep marks that one would think she had the care of the universe on her shoulders and had never had a holiday in all her life. The shortcomings of her friends and neighbors distress her beyond measure. She looks upon Mrs. Sin's light-heartedness as a sure sign of unfaithfulness and even suspects her of slackness in her housekeeping and sewing.

I am sure of Mrs. Chun, although she did not pass a very bright examination before the church session. Her gentle reserve and dignified way made it difficult to get at her heart, but when she said in her own quiet, lady-like way that she could not live without Christ, we were satisfied, and I remembered how her husband's face glowed with real happiness when he first told me that his wife had accepted Christ.

Next is poor Unlge-nie, who has taken the good news to her heart and, although her mind is not always clear, finds precious comfort in a few of the promises that have been translated for her, keeping them under her pillow when unable to sit up. Now that she is better she comes tottering all the way to my house to attend the Sunday evening Bible class and, as it is too far to return after dark, she does not hesitate to spend the night in the strange foreign house, sleeping on a

pallet and trudging home early the next morning. As yet she feels that she does not know enough to teach others, but often brings her friends with her to the meeting and interrupts the lesson to say to them, "It is true, all true."

But best and brightest of all is dear old Holmonie. I have a vivid remembrance of the way she first came to study with me. It had been a day full of cares that seemed unprofitable, yet just such as must often come into the lives of housekeepers. Before dark I went into the street to get a bit of air and rest. I passed the poor washerwomen with baskets of clothes on their heads, the tired coolies and water-carriers, all returning to their poor, dark, little huts after a hard day's work to earn only a scanty supper and cold bed. This was all of every day, all of life to them, and, after death, the second death! In a moment I was asking the dear Lord to forgive my discouragement and show me something to do for him among these people. Just then a poor, old, crooked woman came hobbling past and stopped to lean on her stick and take a good look at the foreign woman. Unlike most Koreans, she looked straight into my face and not at my dress, as if to see if I myself were really so different from all the people she had ever known. After a few words, I invited her to come to my house the next day. She came, day after day, caring nothing about the strange things she saw, but eagerly devouring chapter after chapter of the Gospel. She made an interesting picture as she sat there, day after day, the sun shining upon her white hair and dress and every now and then sending a stray beam right through her great round-eyed glasses. One day when asked by a neighbor if she did not get tired reading so much, she answered: "I am seventy-eight years old and may not live long, but I must learn about this matter before I die." Dear old Holmonie! She has learned, and in her own earnest, clear way is teaching all her friends, helping me to conduct meetings and spending every spare moment in Bible study.

Harriet G. Gale.

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN ON THE OGOWE.

Let me tell you of the death of one of our African girls. She was brought to me in 1887 by her betrothed husband. She was about ten years old, with a pleasant face, of a quiet disposition and promising in many ways. She learned to read well, to sew, wash and iron. She was married a few months before my return from America (autumn of 1890) and united with the church at the same time. When I came back, one of the first things her husband said to me, after the greetings of welcome, was "Thank you for teaching Mbisa to make such nice buttonholes!" He was fond of her and very proud of her accomplishments. He belongs to the mission boat crew. I was surprised when she came and said she "would like to be among the school-girls again, for she had not learned all yet." Usually, after they are married, they feel they need not learn anything more.

As Mrs. Jacot needed some one to help her in the care of baby Esmond, Mbisa was chosen and stayed with her until February 29. Then, her friends having entreated her to come to town and she having resisted as long as seemed wise, she consented to go. I shall never forget her bright, happy face that morning she came to say good-by. But in less than one week she was taken with a chill and, from what they tell me, she must have had pleurisy. Her husband had gone with the Bible reader near to the town where she was, so he hastened to her as soon as he heard of her illness. They sent to us for medicine, but the messenger could not tell us her symptoms and it is never safe to give them medicines in such cases. I was very ill, that day, too, so no one could be spared to go to her. She died March 18. She bravely refused to yield to her heathen mother and friends when they wanted to make "witch medicine." They blamed her husband severely for keeping her so long at Kangwe. I fancy he would have yielded to her going to them before, for he went into the house one day to ask her what she thought about her people's wishes and she replied at once: "I will have nothing to do with them; don't you remember what it says in Matthew, 'He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?'" Then she asked him to read the whole of that tenth chapter to her.

When her end was near, her people were crying and she begged them to

stop, assuring them she would soon be better off. Then she asked her husband to write to us, mentioning each one, sending her salutations and blessings to me and charging him to tell us that she "had found heaven. The angels had come to meet her." Her last words were to her husband—to "be faithful to God unto the end."

Mbisa's death has made a deep impression on all our people. If she were the only one saved among these African girls I should feel that my life here has not been in vain. *Lydia B. Good.*

AS I SEE KOREAN WOMEN.

STREET COSTUME.

The women who resort to the Royal Korean Hospital for treatment belong chiefly to two classes. About half are dancing girls, concubines of men holding "rank"; many of them very pretty, all having their faces whitened to a ghastly paleness with rice flour, and usually clad in elegant, bright silk *chogories* and *chimas*. They are all scrupulously clean, both in person and dress, and their delicate, fair hands attest the fact that they, like their masters, hold themselves above work. Yet, should we visit their rooms in the palace or in wealthy houses, we should find many of them whiling away their time upon those elegant embroideries which so elicit our admiration by their delicate imitation of natural forms. These women come usually in chairs and often attended by elderly women-servants, who must frequently use many arts of persuasion to bring them to enter my consulting room or to uncover the faces which their hands fly up instinctively to conceal. So strong, even among this class, is the custom which declares it a shame that a woman should be seen by a man. As often as not it is some facial blemish for whose removal they come to me, but in many instances, too, for some painful or mortal malady. In neither instance, as a rule, can I effect much on their behalf, for scars and moles are not to be replaced with unblemished skin, and the best hospital arrangements I can at present command are ill suited to their station and still less to the medical exigency. Day by day they come and go, nearly always new faces, but sometimes the old ones returning, and I know that their visit to me is the one bright spot amid many days of hopeless seclusion. As yet, the government restrictions prevent any effort to tell them the glad message and I can only hope that their custom of coming to me in such blind confidence may continue, until I obtain facilities for ministering more efficiently both to their bodies and their souls. How large a class that never go outside the narrow courts of their homes is represented by those who do, I have no means of knowing. It is but seldom that respectable women of the better classes are brought to me for treatment and equally rarely that I am permitted to visit them in their apartments.

The other class of women I daily find at the hospital are the wives of coolies; women whose houses contain but one or two straw-thatched rooms with a tiny courtyard walled off beside it; whose lives are an unceasing round of drudgery, many being required to support an indolent husband and a family of children by means of washing, sewing or some other industry. These women have far less restriction placed upon their freedom of movement, for most of them go openly about the streets in daylight, with only a cloth partly concealing the face, or, entirely bareheaded. While some are perfectly neat, the larger number have but uncertain ideas of cleanliness and wear garments many months without removal. It is from the uncared-for daughters of this class that the former is recruited.

These coolie women come alike from the city and from the surrounding country, and in the spring and fall they sometimes tell me that they have traveled many hundred *li* to obtain medical aid. Many bring children with them, tied, in the Oriental fashion, with a cloth upon the back, their feet clinging beneath the armpits. In a large proportion of instances these pa-

tients come for unsightly skin diseases, either in themselves or in their children, frequently involving the eyes even to blindness. The measure of relief I am able to give them is limited, because, in part, of their uncleanly habits and dense ignorance, and largely, too, because of the lack of facilities. I daily long for the well-equipped, clean-built and airy hospital and the trained, sympathetic nurse whom I am endeavoring to secure and hope a few years will bring me. When that time comes, my ability to heal will be increased many fold and, best of all, any one will be able to come and talk with these poor women of the higher things. Mrs. Vinton looks forward to this as her special work.

My only hospital at present is the one under patronage of the government and direct control of its greedy officials. To a certain limit only, my wishes are heeded. I succeed but measurably in enforcing cleanliness. The buildings are too cold for winter use. I have only partial control of the servants, who have little conception how to care for the sick. And the government intolerance inhibits all open preaching of Christianity there.

These women of Korea, even more than the men, appeal to our sympathies by reason of the emptiness of their lives. For the men find many matters of curiosity and interest in intercourse with others, near by or at a distance, but the women know little beyond the walls that form their prison-homes. During childhood they may have the freedom of neighboring streets, and a merry, happy childhood it seems to be. But it ends early in Korea, and girls of almost every class are secluded after the tenth or twelfth year. A change of prison only is apt to follow marriage, which must precede the seventeenth year if they would avoid reproach. Wooing and true love are almost unknown in the East. And yet the Korean woman is quite as content as though her own wishes were consulted in the matter. To her it would seem very inappropriate that the negotiation should be conducted otherwise than through a professional go-between, an old woman whose income depends upon her reputation for making successful matches. The young lady will not see her intended husband until after the marriage ceremony, but her father has every facility for judging him by the value of the gift she offers, and, if these are insufficient, the suit will be rejected and the go-between becomes the principal sufferer. After marriage, life brings only drudgery and *ennui*. There are no books. There is little society. There are few visits paid and these chiefly at night. Gossip and the interests of the household form the only resource. Were it not for the fact that the several generations of a family usually live under one roof, there would often be no relief for solitude. I have been speaking of the women who are reckoned respectable in Korea. Some, particularly of the coolie class, enjoy greater freedom, but these are the coarser women, whose want of delicacy obliges us to withhold from them the title of ladies. It is a problem of Korean evangelization to emancipate the women from their superstitions and to raise their mental plane so as to be willing to receive the gospel without in any way impairing their ladylikeness — a quality so essential in high Christian character.

C. C. Vinton. (*M.D.*)

SLAVES IN KOREA.

Slaves are secured in Korea by buying a girl usually between five and twenty years of age. The master then provides a husband for her, and in this way the husband also becomes the master's slave. The daughter of slaves, when five years of age or more, may be given to the master in her mother's place, and mother, husband and children, especially the boys, may go out free. In some cases, two or more girls are left in the mother's place.

If the girl left with the master should die, the master cannot bring the mother back into servitude ; if she have another daughter, the girl may be taken to fill the sister's place, but no other member of the family can be claimed.

As sons of these slaves grow up they may stay and work for the master or may go out free. If they wish, they may earn money and buy their mother's freedom. Although there may be a large family of sons, unless there is a daughter the mother must remain in slavery until she is redeemed with money.

After slaves go out from their masters they are still always designated as his

"slaves." If they are greatly prospered they may give a portion to him; if they become destitute he may help them; if this be done it is because mutually agreeable, and not from compulsion.

Susan A. Doty.

HIGHBINDERS OR CHRISTIANS—WHICH SHALL IT BE?

On the afternoon of June 6, the Occidental Board tendered a reception to delegates *en route* for their homes from General Assembly, at our Chinese Home in San Francisco. The rooms were crowded with visiting ministers and elders and their families. They listened eagerly as the girls sang and recited, but perhaps scarcely realized the depths from which these girls had been rescued, and the courage required in bringing them to the Home. While Miss Culbertson was telling these friends how she had saved some of the girls from lives of misery, a few of the officers of the Board were meeting in one of the small rooms, and praying for help and guidance and protection. Word had just been received from friendly Chinese that the highbinders had held a meeting on the preceding Saturday evening and taken a solemn vow to murder Miss Culbertson and some of her American and Chinese helpers. These highbinders are a secret society of cut-throats with whom the brothel keepers are in league. They have committed many murders among the Chinese and, only the night before, they had shot and killed Huey Wing, a Christian Chinaman, because they thought he had helped to rescue one of our girls. Heretofore they had confined their murderous dealings to their own set, but now they had attacked the friends of the mission. What could we do?

Police were put on guard at the mission and before the houses of some of our girls who had married from the Home, but that same evening, in spite of police protection, a threatening Chinese letter was left on the door steps of the Home.

[The translation of this letter is omitted, as it has been referred to in general terms in *Woman's Work* of last month and in many newspapers.—Editor.]

We believe this letter and the many warnings which came to Miss Culbertson were sent to frighten her from attempting to rescue more girls. It did not have that effect, however, as will be seen by the reply following, which she sent at once to the Chinese consul:

Chinese Mission Home, 933 Sacramento St.,
San Francisco, June 7, 1892.

To the Consul General of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China:

My dear Sir,—The enclosed is a letter left upon my doorstep last evening. I know its import, but fear not the threats of its authors, and I will not be deterred in my work of rescuing your countrywomen from degradation and cruelty. When the Chinese attack Christians they are going against their best friends, and even though they may take my life or that of any other teacher, this work will still go on. Others will take it up and carry it on as long as there is work to be done. The feeling against the Chinese is strong enough already, and all threats or acts of violence only serve to make the restriction act more severe. Not only their killing of Americans, but their fighting and lawlessness among themselves causes public sentiment to cry the louder, "The Chinese must go." I have sent a copy of the translation to Chief of Police Crowley.

Very respectfully,
Margaret Culbertson,
Supt. Chinese Mission Home.

The Consul returned word that he was about to call together the Six Companies represented by the letter and charge them not to threaten the lives of Americans.

We look to you, our missionary coworkers, to help us in this time of trouble. We need your prayers and encouragement. This work is carried on in the midst of difficulties. Aside from the trouble in Chinatown and the danger in rescuing Chinese girls, we have no suitable place in which to receive them. Our Home is old and small, the foundations are insecure; the girls are often so crowded that two and three must sleep in a single bed. The need of a new building is imperative, and you can aid us to get it by helping the children who have pledged $6,000 toward it. Will you do this?

In our Annual Report you will see an account of our missions in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, San José and Sacramento. Just here we have only space to lay a portion of it before you. But have we not written enough to enlist your sympathy, your prayers for the Chinese Christians in our missions and for these slave girls? There is One who can protect and save them. Surely "the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that He cannot hear"; but "thus saith the Lord God: I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel."

M. L. Berry.

Miss Berry writes at a later date: "All seems quiet in Chinatown at present."

Letters from the Front.

KOREA.

Miss Doty writes from Seoul about her school:

I have now twelve little girls, ranging from six to fourteen years of age, just as bright as that many girls whom you would be able to call together at home, and several years in advance of home girls in housework and sewing. They do their own cooking, kitchen and room work. As they have enough to employ their time and strength without washing and ironing, we hire that done. We also have a "grandmother," who sleeps here and does some mending and sewing. To her I can sometimes entrust the giving of medicine if I constantly watch to see that she does not forget it. It is not Korean "custom" to have "of necessity" attached to anything of this kind. If a little medicine is good, taken three or four times a day, then how much better to take the entire bottle full in half the allotted time, or all at once!

Drs. Hugh and Fanny Brown are domiciled, for a time, in a part of my house, and Mrs. Brown's services have been invaluable ever since she came in prescribing and in helping me to nurse the sick. This sounds like hospital work, and that is what we have been verging on in our school for the last six months. When I thought how tiresome it was to have this thrown in so constantly, I remembered how thankful I should be that while so many Koreans on all sides have died, my little flock has been spared and has also increased in numbers.

Mrs. Gifford devotes three hours of each of the six working days of the week to teaching in the school, the results of which are most gratifying in the influence on the little girls' lives. This is their "home" (a word not in the Korean language). Thus far they are almost wholly provided for by the Board, through scholarships. The disposition of funds for wood, food, books, clothing, etc., comes within my domain, so you see I have quite a little house to provide for. There are only two pupils whose parents or guardians were influenced to place them here because they believed our religion to be something they wished to have taught their girls; and in these two cases, poverty on the one hand and complications of another nature on the other hand went far in prompting them to patronize us. As a rule, those who come to us are orphans, or half-orphans, or are so poor that starvation stares them in the face. They wish their girls to be taught housework and sewing (the greatest accomplishment of which Koreans consider their women capable). Beyond teaching these "use is not." None in school knew the simple Korean alphabet before coming to us. Six are now reading and learning the Gospel of John. All are committing a simple catechism which has been put into the Korean language. We are also taking up the rudiments of arithmetic and are planning primer courses in physiology and geography. No English is taught. They are now also reading the translation of *Peep of Day*. Mrs. Gifford being anxious to know if there were any well written books in the Korean language, asked an old Korean scholar if he would please recommend some suitable for the girls. He replied that they had absolutely nothing, outside of Chinese, which tended to elevate or develop the mind — a pretty severe comment upon a country which pretends to have a literature. Our oldest pupil is virtually and hopelessly blind. She is unusually bright, has a wonderful memory and a quiet influence upon her associates. Last fall she confessed Christ openly as her Saviour. We have written to the home land asking for means to provide her with a Bible adapted to the blind, which she could read and teach others to read.

SOUTH INDIA.

Miss Jefferson wrote from Ratnagiri, May 4:

It hardly seems possible that I have been in India six months, for the time has passed so quickly. I have had many new and varied experiences, but never once have I wished myself back in America or felt in any wise I had made a mistake in coming to this land. I have been kept in health and surrounded with blessings innumerable.

It would be impossible to tell you how much I like Ratnagiri and how happy I am here. The need is indescribably great. There are openings on all sides for every kind of Christian work, but I am not

yet ready of speech, so I have to be content with spending many hours each day in preparation for the work which I am sent to do. Like all other missionaries I am impatient to speak to the people in their own tongue. Encouraged by Mrs. Hannum, I made my first attempt at leading the women's meeting last Friday. All I could do was to announce the hymns, read the selection from the Gospel, and repeat a verse. Miss Sherman, who is spending her vacation here, gave the talk to the little group of eleven women and children seated in a circle on the floor of our bungalow. At the close we gave them a little treat of bread and butter and tea, rice-balls and bananas.

Is it not sad that in this Ratnagiri district of one million of souls there is not *one* missionary who can work among the women? Mrs. Hannum at present is bound by home duties.

As English is taught in the high schools, many young men understand it quite well, so, by the help of Mr. Hannum, Miss Minor and I have started Bible classes in English in connection with the Sunday-school. My class has varied from seven to twenty-five. It is said they come to learn English, but God can use this means to bring them under the teaching of His Word and we may believe that it shall not return void. They learn the Golden Text in English and rise and repeat it at the call of Mr. Hannum, the same as other classes in the vernacular.

Miss Minor and I are keeping house in a bungalow rented by the Mission, just opposite the one in which Mr. and Mrs. Hannum live, so it is very pleasant for us.

NORTH INDIA.

Mrs. Griswold wrote from Jhansi, April 8. After speaking of the cholera, which was then rife, she says:

Since Mrs. Holcomb went away I have charge of our girls' school in the compound. We have about forty bright, intelligent little girls, taught by two Native Christian teachers. About half the number are the children of educated Bengalis, while there are several Christians, a few Parsees and some high caste Hindu girls. Bengali, Hindi and English are all taught. My mornings are usually spent in this school, although I frequently go out to the zenanas instead.

ONLY FIVE WORKING SERVICES ON SUNDAY.

Sunday is a busy, though very happy, day to us both. At six o'clock in the morning we go out to our boys' Sunday-schools — Mr. Griswold to one and I to another. Immediately after, Hindustani service is held in our new church. This is followed by a Sunday-school which we started only two weeks ago, but which is already proving a great blessing. Besides Native Christians we have a large class of young boys and usually a dozen or more Hindus and Mohammedans who sit in Mr. Griswold's class of young men and listen respectfully.

By the time we return from Sunday-school it is half-past ten o'clock, our breakfast hour. At three in the afternoon Mr. Griswold has a talk and Bible reading for servants in the study and I have a class for their wives and children. Frequently, there are as many as twenty in all, including the babies. This is one of the most delightful hours of the week. The children are bright and eager to learn. Teaching this class was the beginning of my mission work in India. Perhaps that is the reason why it seems just a little nearer to me than any other. I attempted this bit of work for the Master on the first Sunday that we were settled in our own house over a year ago. How well I remember it and how timid and almost frightened I felt in the presence of so many strange women; for the news of the "Mem Sahib's meeting" had spread to adjoining compounds and, instead of five or six women, as I had expected, there were a dozen or more. I could speak only short sentences in Hindustani and few of them, but I could read and sing; and so, by saying everything that I knew how to say, reading some and singing a great deal, I managed to fill up the hour pretty well and on the whole had a very enjoyable first meeting.

At six o'clock in the evening we have a service for Native Christians in the Supree Bazar — a community of about a dozen families who live so far away that they cannot attend service in the city. It is not a fixed population, neither are the Christians connected with our mission. The men are employed in the Jhansi Railroad shops and are of various denominations. The Bazar being near the railway it affords a convenient place in which to live. Although they bear the name of Christ, many, we regret to say, are living anything but worthy Christian lives, and their condition has been much upon our minds and hearts during the past months. We at last went to them, visited them in their homes and suggested holding a service. They seemed very grateful and promised to come. Three weeks ago we held our first meeting in the house of one of them. It was filled to overflowing, about forty being present. Since then, we have rented a small room and they have volunteered to pay for it. To sustain this meeting we have been obliged to give up our own restful little English service which we have been accustomed to having on Sunday evenings. Please pray that these Christians may be built up in every good work and that their lives may show forth the glory of Him whose name they bear. . . . .

PERSIA.

CLOSING EXERCISES AT FAITH HUBBARD SCHOOL.

Miss Annie Montgomery (who has since gone to Oroomiah for a change instead of taking her al-

ready overdue furlough to America,) wrote from HAMADAN, April 19:

. . . . As it is the Moslem month of fasting we hardly hoped there would be any but special friends present; the church was never more densely thronged. The Governor had not arrived in Hamadan and we felt sorry there was no one in authority whom we could invite; but Thursday, as Dr. Wilson and I were riding in from the village, we passed the Ameer and his son with all his retinue. As the little boy had been in the *anderoon* with his Lady Mother when we called on her, I bowed to him and was surprised to hear the father's voice, as I had not noticed him. Then it occurred to me that we should invite him, and so, much to everybody's surprise, toward the close of examinations the "big man" entered with his little son, who is soon to be married to the Crown Prince's daughter. The poor, delicate, wee laddie of twelve, perhaps, is to be married to a girl of sixteen.

We told him that we would repeat any part of the programme he desired, and he asked for the quotations from the Gulistan, in Persian, and that Miss Leinbach's class would sing "Clap your hands for joy," a little motion song. Then the school repeated for him in Persian the verses from I. Corinthians, 15th chapter, Yaghoot reciting alone as far as "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death," and then all the school took up the chorus, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" and with glad voices finished, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and then burst into the Sanctus, "Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

It was a very pretty sight to see these more than a hundred children all so clean and well behaved, reciting in three languages and admired by a crowd of Moslems, Armenians and Jews, all sitting quietly side by side in the same Christian Church.

All the girls able to sew had made a shirt apiece, and the larger girls had added ornamental stitches in black silk—a decoration of which the Armenian women are fond. Then there were pretty things made of cardboard, much crochet lace, silk and darned net handkerchief cases and the like. After the exercises we sold perhaps ten dollars' worth and were glad enough to get the money to help us out with the year's expenses.

This week we have been making Jewish Passover calls and, oh, the weariness of it all! This eating sweets and drinking tea is the only part of my work that makes me utterly weary, and I often say the old martyrs who had not this to endure did not know what trouble is.

. . . . That last morning of school we had special prayer that every one who came to the church might be saved, a great request and impossible to human power, but not to Him who has all power in heaven and on earth.

MISS LEINBACH, who went to HAMADAN last fall, wrote April 16:

I am very happy in my new home and thankful that God saw best to send me to Persia. I see in my appointment that He knew better than I where my place should be. I shall be a poor enough instrument in His hands without dictating where and how I shall be used.

We are having Easter vacation, so most of our girls have gone to their homes. Of the four remaining, two are Armenians, one Moslem and one Jew.

. . . . I especially enjoyed calling on the Moslems during their feast and being in real Persian homes. I dislike the Persian house-dress very much, but, as Miss McCampbell says, we hope the change will soon come and they not only give up these outer garments, but take the robe Christ gives. I was surprised to see how eagerly many of the women heard about Christ. Some asked Miss Montgomery whether she brought "The Book" with her. They are the very women we wish to reach.

We have delightful meetings each Monday evening and you don't know how much we new ones enjoy the English prayer-meeting in connection with them, especially singing the dear old hymns.

SIAM.

MRS. SNYDER, writing from BANGKOK, April 18, speaks regretfully of the departure of Mrs. Carrington for the U. S. and her loss to their mutual Sunday-school, especially to the singing. Mrs. C. is wife of Rev. John Carrington, of the American Bible Society.

"Our Sabbath-school here is growing in numbers and regularity of attendance. All the boys attend some one or other of the Siamese day schools and can read pretty well, but not one of the girls can read a single letter. There is no school for girls in the neighborhood. It has been hard work to teach the children to read the lesson nicely in chorus and the singing was something dreadful at first. They now sing five hymns pretty well. Our scholars are all children of heathen parents and their home training is so different from ours that I often wonder that we can teach them anything about our Saviour.

THE CREATION STORY TOLD TO HEATHEN CHILDREN.

"Last Sabbath we commenced on the new course prepared for schools here. The lesson was in the first chapter of Genesis. I had a class of nine little girls, from eight to fourteen years old. They were much interested in the story of the creation, but it is very hard for them to understand that God made the trees, the grass, the flowers, and all things which grow. Their religion teaches them that all things which grow on the ground are *ben aing* (comes of itself).

"The children here, unlike those in some of our

Sabbath schools at home, are very free about discussing the lesson and ask many questions. Two little girls differed about what God made and what man made. One of them showed she had a very correct understanding: the other declared that 'if God made the things which grow on the ground and the animals He must have made the steamboats also, because they move by themselves. He made them in the foreign land across the sea and the foreigners brought them here.' Another little girl whose uncle is an engineer on one of the river launches, explained how the fire has to be kept up and the machinery well oiled in order to make it go, and how necessary it is to turn the rudder in the right direction to make it go just where you wish. Then the first little girl inquired 'if God is not going to make the steam-cars for the new railroad here?' I told her the machinery would all be sent from England and the cars would be built here and she would soon see the men at work on the tracks. We have just such experiences here all the time with this poor, benighted people, and they ever remind us to be thankful that we were born of civilized, Christian parents. . . .

"Mr. Snyder has been set apart for evangelistic work. Just now he is much interested to know whether the Board will grant the touring-boat, asked for by the mission. It will be a great help. In assisting him, along with teaching the Gospel, I shall endeavor to teach cleanliness."

CHINA.

Mrs. J. N. Hayes, who returned to Soochow last autumn, wrote from there March 9, 1892:

It has been very quiet ever since we returned from America. When we arrived in Shanghai some of the missionaries thought we ought not to come on; the children and I stayed at the Mission Press two weeks. The farther we came from Shanghai the less we heard of war and riots, and although we have been alone for weeks while Mr. Hayes was at Ningpo attending Mission Meeting, there has been nothing to make one uneasy.

We have three very encouraging day schools and we do hope in the not distant future to have a boarding school, where these children can continue their studies and be taken entirely away from their heathen homes. As it now is, they come to school and learn of the true God and at night go to their homes and worship idols.

I have a prayer meeting every Friday afternoon at three o'clock at our house, for the women. I hope you will remember us at that time. Your meeting is in English, ours in Chinese, but we have one Father, who is present at both meetings. We have not many church members and some of the women live at a distance and have little feet, so they are not able to be with us. There were only six here last Friday, but we had a very good meeting.

GETTING EXPERIENCE.

Miss Edwina Cunningham wrote from Ningpo, March 15, 1892:

Nearly six months have passed since I arrived in China and most of my time has been taken up with study. I have had one examination in the language and expect a second next week.

A few days ago I made a short trip in company with Mrs. Butler, of which perhaps you might like to hear. We started in a house-boat one evening about eight o'clock to visit an out-station about ten miles from here. We had to start when the tide of the river was favorable. We arrived at our destination about one o'clock in the morning, but stayed on the boat, of course, until after breakfast.

These boats are of pretty good size; two persons can get along quite comfortably in one with a bed, a table and a couple of chairs. There is a place for a servant to sleep and cook at one end of the boat, and at the other end a place is partitioned off for the boatmen. There are usually two of them and they take turns at sculling, except when it is unusually hard, and then both work. I do not say "row," because they use but one oar and it is more like a scull than our oar.

The roof on these boats is made of woven bamboo, and it keeps out the rain and cold quite well. We had two little glass windows, which we put in one on each side so that we could see out.

The pastor in the village to which we went was down, or rather, out, at the boat before we had breakfast, and after that ceremony we went to his house. He and his wife are both very nice. The latter has a day school for girls at her house, and that, together with another day school, is what Mrs. Butler went on this trip to see.

At nine o'clock the pastor left with us in a small boat, by a canal, for another little village about a mile or two away. We found quite a nice little school, eight girls present, in an ordinary-sized room in a Chinese house; it is rented from a heathen family. The teacher is a Christian, but the girls are heathen.

As soon as it was known that two foreigners were at the school the people began to crowd in to see us. The room was filled so that there was scarcely standing room, and there were a number at the door and windows. The pastor talked "the doctrine" to these people for ten or fifteen minutes and offered a short prayer; they listened rather quietly.

When we reached the pastor's house again, in the midst of a storm, we saw the school in charge of his wife. There were eight girls present here also, and they seem to be doing good work. We intended to eat our dinner on the boat, but our hosts insisted upon our eating there. They said we should use our own food with theirs, for they have come to know that we are not very fond of their way of cooking. We had

rice, cold ham, cabbage cooked with little bits of meat and flavored with onions, fish, hard-boiled eggs, roasted peanuts and tea. That was the Chinese part of the repast. To my delight we did not have to eat with chop-sticks. We arrived home at half-past five. I should not like to have missed the experiences of the day, for they will be of value to me in the future when I can work among the people.

THE CALENDAR OF PRAYER.

MRS. MCKEE wrote from NINGPO:

Our two boys, who are only nine and ten-and-a-half years old, left us February 5 to attend a school in Chefoo (600 miles distant) under care of the China Inland Mission. Our prayer calendar reached me just before they left, and we were deeply touched to find our own names down for prayer the very first Sunday after our boys were separated from us. It was no easy matter to decide to send them away, but the school has a fine reputation, and were it not for this opportunity in Chefoo we should have had to send them to America. They are still near enough to come home once a year for the long vacation, which happens here at Christmas time.

ISLAND OF HAINAN.

OPENING WORK AMONG A NEW PEOPLE.

MRS. GILMAN wrote from NODOA late in March:

Mr. Jeremiassen has been with us since our return from Kiung Chow, but leaves to-morrow for the Loi Country. Mr. Gilman will go with him to Namfung, twelve miles on his way. I have to-day made a sort of satchel to throw over his shoulder and filled it with bread, biscuits and cookies (all good). I do not know when we shall see Mr. Jeremaissen again, for he is to open up new work and start a new station among these strange people speaking a new dialect. It is very self-denying of him. Mr. Gilman and I feel like doing all we can to help him and he will make his home here when he can. He has many friends among the Chinese.

Our little chapel was never so full as last Sabbath; every bench was full. They often arrive just after service is over and one person came thus Sunday, saying he waited for one of the regular members to call for him and he did not remember him. Our bell will help them to know the time.

One young man, with younger brothers and of a poor family, gets $5.00 a month as a teacher, and when Mr. Gilman paid him for February he wanted to give a dollar towards the bell. All are not so zealous as this young man, who is very good and earnest. Mr. Gilman baptized him last year.

PRINTING.

Mr. Gilman and Mr. Jeremaissen have just now been busy over the translation of some new hymns, "He leadeth me," "Come to Jesus," and others. Some of the boys are learning to set type. The new hymns will soon be out and also the first phrase book. Mr. Gilman is also very busy getting the Gospel of John in Hainanese through the press.

HAKKA AND CHOP-STICKS

A Chinese preacher has been sent from Namfung to Kiung Chow. He and his family stopped at Nodoa on their way. So, to-day I invited the two preachers and families, the medical assistant and wife, and one or two others to dinner, and we afterwards had singing, looking at pictures, and the school boys came in and had games and small cakes. The dinner was served with bowls and chop-sticks. Our friends conversed in Hakka and Hainanese. Between the chop-sticks and the Hakka, I breathed more freely when it was over, though I enjoyed it and they seemed to and thanked us when they went away.

We cannot but notice the increased friendliness and respect of the people. For the first time in years I have a restful home feeling.

MEXICO.

MISS BARTLETT wrote from MEXICO CITY, June 5:

It is Sabbath evening, Miss De Baun and the matron have gone to church with the girls, that is, all except the little ones, for those under thirteen go to bed at eight. With these I have just spent a half hour singing, before kissing them good night and lighting them up the dark stairway on their way to bed. Their favorite hymns are: "Jesus loves me," "I think when I read that sweet story," "When He cometh." They all repeated the text of the morning's sermon and told me what they remembered of the sermon itself.

We have many little ones this year; the tiniest is six years old. We do not as a rule receive girls under twelve. Another little one is Maria Montiel, grandchild of the woman who has charge of the kitchen and teaches the girls to cook and serve their meals. Maria is seven and extraordinarily bright. There are several of eight, nine, and ten years who have older sisters in school who look after them, and there are many twelve years old. I feel a special interest in these little ones. They are our hope, I do not doubt. Those who come after, say sixteen years of age, have their principles and ideas largely formed, for girls are precocious here.

We have been afflicted here in the mission. Little Wilma Brown, the dearest, most winsome and lovable child I have almost ever known, died after a few days' illness. At the same time one of our girls was lying at the point of death and the following week died, after suffering terribly from erysipelas and cerebral meningitis. It is the first death in the school in eight years and the only one since I came. The girl was sixteen and entered school five years ago. She was a Christian.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PROGRAMME FOR SEPTEMBER MEETING.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Christ Feeding the Multitude.—*Matt. 14: 13-21.*
GOLDEN TEXT (v. 16): "Give YE them to eat."

PRAYER.
HYMN: "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne."[1]

PART I.—JAPAN.

THE BUDGET.[2]

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

I. Editorial.
II. "A Glimpse of Fan-Land."[3]
III. The Mikado's Empire—A General Survey.
IV. Peeps at our Life Saving Stations—Tokyo, Yokohama, Kanazawa, Osaka, Hiroshima, and Kyoto.
V. Japanese Etiquette.
VI. "Fans."[4]
VII. The Story of the Chrysanthemums.[5]
VIII. Japanese Folk Lore and Fireside Stories.
IX. Clippings from Missionary Letters.
X. "Shikata Ga Nai."[6]

MUSIC: Japanese Lullaby.[7]

PART II.—KOREA.

READING: "That Far-Away Land of Cho-sen."[8]

CONVERSATION ON KOREA.[9]

TOPICS.

I. Its Name—"The Hermit Nation."
II. The Curious Customs of Koreans.
III. Government Examinations.
IV. Little People in the Hermit Nation.
V. How Was Korea Opened to Missionary Effort?
VI. A Pen Picture of Our Missionaries at Work.
VII. Items About Korea.

READING: "One Afternoon in Seoul."[10]

HYMN: "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

Appoint a committee to decorate the room with Japanese fans, banners, lanterns, curios, or chrysanthemums, the national flower of Japan. Arrange the chairs in little groups, and don't have too many of them—better carry in a few more chairs than to have a dozen empty all through the meeting. If possible, have a large missionary map of the world, and smaller maps of Japan and Korea.

[1] Commodore Perry anchored in the waters of Japan, held divine service on Sunday, July 10, 1853. Laying his Bible on his capstan covered with the stars and stripes, he made the Bay of Yeddo ring with the words of this hymn.

[2] The Budget may be written on foolscap paper, with cardboard covers, decorated and tied with ribbon. It should have two editors and not occupy MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES.

[3] Poem, *Children's Work*, Sept. '87.

[4] Short, bright, spicy items about Japan.

[5] An incident in the life of Joseph Hardy Neesima, *Youth's Companion*, Jan. 1, 1891, p. 12.

[6] *Woman's Work*, Sept., '91.

[7] and [8] *Children's Work*, Sept., '91.

[9] Conversations may be conducted by the President, or some leader whom she may appoint. The leader assigns the first six topics, each to a different person, with instructions to prepare *a two minute* paper or talk. The seventh topic should be assigned to the whole society, with instructions to bring very short and interesting items.

[10] *Woman's Work*, Sept., 91.

Belle M. Brain.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE PROGRAMME.

OUR readers will look inquiringly for that scheme of "E. M. R's," to which they are so wonted and so indebted for past help. We rejoice to tell them that their friend is neither worn out in the service nor tired of it. Her pen is simply taking a temporary respite from the work which she has done with so much ability and painstaking and unfailing promptness these nearly seven years. Hers has been no small contribution to the education of our societies and saving of time to leaders of meetings, and much warm appreciation has been expressed in many quarters of this generous service by "E. M. R."

The programme above has been made out on the old basis of September as the month of prayer for Japan and Korea. But, under the new ordering by which Korea is studied in August, we have provision for two meetings in one programme. Very well. It is quite convenient to take Part II. for August.

The appropriateness of the Scripture Lesson could not be improved upon for our subject; but, leaving the selected Hymn for Japan month, suppose we sing something sweetly devotional about our Saviour, like: "Jesus Thy name I love," or, "Fountain of grace, rich, full and free." Perhaps several present will refer to (not read, only mention,) something in

these very pages which stirred them or taught them. Then, there is time for a member to propose another hymn, and, before we get through, time for three, four, five, whole-hearted prayers. Dear women of the auxiliaries, let us come to *pray* and stay to pray. So, our bow abides in strength.

Part I. will be left for September, and those who have been asking for their magazines earlier "in order to prepare for meetings" are invited to notice that they will receive their scheme now, and for the future, five or six weeks in advance of their meeting.

This programme has been kindly devised with a special thought for young people.

"IS HE WORTH IT?"

Under this caption appeared an article in *Woman's Work* for April. Without disputing its justice or raising any inquiry as to the need of presenting this side of the question, I desire, as a missionary, to present another side.

I feel sure that I am expressing the feeling of many of my fellow-missionaries when I say that we count it a privilege to help by our presence and words such societies as cannot pay anything more than our expenses. Yes, a *special* privilege,—if possible, above that of being the one-hundred-and-first missionary to address the society of the —— Church in the City of ——, which always gives the speaker a ten dollar bill "in an envelope."

Not that the ten dollars is despised, much less the delicate manner of presenting it. The missionary may be very grateful to receive, here and there, a little assistance in her expenses, which are so much heavier than in her foreign home, while her salary is, very properly, reduced during her furlough.

But we can say from experience that while there is an undeniable pleasure in receiving these delicate surprises, there is a *very peculiar* pleasure which we cannot afford to lose in being asked to go to the meeting of the struggling little society in a country place, where they were afraid to ask for a missionary because they could not afford it, and were so gratified to find that Mrs. —— would come very willingly for the equivalent of her expenses.

In short, while we are sure that "he is worth it," we are equally sure that they are more than welcome to his services if they are not able to pay for them.

A Missionary.

REASONS WHY.

The one who is instructed in Divine Things is said to be like a wise householder who brings out of his treasure, things "new and old." Not that truths are new, but they may be presented in new forms and thus gain new power.

The reason why every Christian should take an active interest in the work of Foreign Missions is old. It has existed nearly two thousand years, ever since Christ uttered His parting words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"; words which the disciples heard not alone in their individual capacity, but as the predecessors of us and of all the Master's followers through the ages. There have been many utterances from the lips of mortal men which have been named immortal, but where, in all the classics or in all history, can one sentence be found which has inspired such noble sacrifice, as this last injunction of our Saviour?

So when we seek the one commanding reason for our interest in the work of Missions, we must of necessity go back to this. It is like a central sun which flashes light in myriad rays—which sends out from itself countless other and lesser reasons that yet have power to penetrate and influence human hearts.

Let us look at some of these. Let each woman ask herself: "Why should *I* interest myself in the work of Foreign Missions? I, ———, a mother, a wife, a daughter; alone, in wealth, in poverty, in sickness, in sorrow, in whatsoever state I am." The question comes to all classes of women; none may evade it.

And the first answer may well be, "I cannot afford to do otherwise. I cannot afford to leave to my children such a heritage as the remembrance of a mother who did not care for the best and highest things." "My husband is surrounded by the allurements and worldliness of business life; I must help him to pull the other way."

"Do I walk alone? Oh! the company of workers, the great sisterhood which I may join, the outlook from my narrowed

life—an outlook which broadens and broadens, for the 'field is the world.'"

"Am I poor? They tell me that a few dollars placed at interest will, in the course of years, at compound rates, roll up into a fortune. But in this investment, my few dollars, my pennies even if I have no more to offer, touched by the magic of Divine Power, will multiply, not into a fortune but into saved souls. 'And they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.'"

"Have I the doubtful blessing of wealth? Then, indeed, for my own safety, must I send it forth on 'the wings of the morning.' Because, wealth hoarded corrodes and makes miserly, and wealth spent selfishly makes what is almost worse than a miser, a hard, worldly woman."

"Am I sick? Am I sorrowful? Then let me have the blessed relief of forgetting pain in thought for others; of sending blessings over the seas by means of prayers sent straight up to God's throne; of having something yet to live and work for, though the light of my own life has gone out."

Some will say these are all selfish considerations; a refined selfishness. Well, it is natural, in any process of reasoning, to begin with what most nearly concerns ourselves. But she who starts on this course will not end thus. The farthest glimmer from that central sun has entered her life, like the tiny point of a wedge, and that life will expand and fill with nobler purposes until self is crowded out. Instead of the one self, she will become absorbed with the thousand millions of other selves. She will put herself in the place of that other woman. She will say, "Suppose *I* had been born in Africa or India or China. Suppose *my* husband had bought me, paying so many cows. Suppose *my* fair, young daughter were this day a widow, all her innocent future blackened and disgraced."

She will try to realize another identity than her own and the horror of being not only another woman than herself, but one living, breathing in a heathen land, under barbarous social customs. Then her thoughts will take a step farther. She will say to herself: "In all my pains, my sicknesses—I have comforts, I have remedies. In my bereavements I have Christ; even Death, my dreaded enemy, will at last change to a smiling friend as he opens to me the gates of sinless, glorious life. But that other woman, she who is for the moment '*I*'—she has only brutality for her physician, utter hopelessness for her consolation, and when the end comes she knows not whether to dread unknown horrors or to be glad of present release."

Thus is awakened unselfish love, the love which is akin to that of God for us before we were reconciled to Him in Christ; love which reaches out pitying arms to comfort and to uplift, without regard to any attractiveness in its object. It is a love which asks everywhere the question, "Who is my neighbor?"—which realizes that steam and electricity have made the great world small; that a neighborhood is no longer a matter of the next house or the next street, but reaches out across the seas and clasps hands with the Orient.

And here enters the question of responsibility. A woman may no longer say, "It is impossible. I am powerless. The little I can do will be of no avail. The cause is so far away." Missions are not far away. The cause of Missions is not a Sisyphus's stone for unavailing effort. Woman knows that to-day her lightest touch helps to send it to that mountain top where it will soon rest. Dare she refuse to give that touch? Will she wish to refuse? Let her look at the past of woman's work for woman, short as that history has been. See the schools made possible, the zenanas entered, the hospitals opened. See the thousands on this side banded together, working harmoniously, without strife, without jealousy, working for the millions over there that they, too, may have the more abundant life which Christ came to impart. Is it not inspiring? Is there one who does not care to join?

Look forward a little. Do you not wish to be "in at the death?" What does that mean? It means the death of heathenism. The proverb is old. The huntsman may have been riding carelessly, but when the "view-halloo" strikes his ear he spurs on; he leaps fences and streams; he dashes over hill and dell; no obstacles, no dangers stop him that he may be in at the death. And the "view-halloo" has sounded, the death of heathenism is at hand!

Five years ago one of the leaders of the mission host said: "I believe who-

ever lives fifty years will see the world evangelized." But five years have made wondrous changes. To-day the watchword is, "The world for Christ in this generation." Think of living till every human being may hear of Christ, when "they shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest."

Then suppose the church at home stands still; suppose it does not give the prayers and the work and the money necessary for this advance; suppose, even, it recedes and does nothing. "That is impossible!" True, by God's grace and our acceptance of that grace it is impossible. But the church is made up of individuals; each one is a "you" or an "I." Say you or I do not our part, by so much we retard the grand triumph; by so much put it off beyond our time and prove that we do not "love His appearing."

When the Master does appear and puts the solemn question, "What hast thou done for Me?" shall we like to confess that we have had no part in the work He left for His followers to accomplish? Shall we like to meet the sorrowful eyes of One "wounded in the house of His friends"? Ah! no. Let us rather follow the reasons why, as they reach upward and are lost in the great, central reason, and we are able each to answer humbly, "Lord, I have done but little, it is true, but I have tried as much as in me lay to fulfill Thy last command."

And the many faithful "littles" have combined in the "much" of a world's evangelization.

"To be what Thou would'st have me be,
Where Thou dost say, to go;
To lose my will in Thy sweet will,
To work with thee below;
Such consecration, full, complete,
Such laying all at Thy dear feet
Grant, Lord, that I may know."

Helen A. Hawley.

A SHORT LOGICAL CHAIN.

In reading the monthly report of *Woman's Work for Woman*, we find the number of subscribers for May is 17,957, and the figures look so ragged and imperfect, somehow we find ourselves thinking of the offerings that God required of the Hebrews that "they must be without blemish."

Now, we believe we should have 20,000 subscribers (good, round numbers) to enroll in our next Annual Report, because that will mean more knowledge, therefore more interest, therefore more gifts.

The only new things that we can have in this work are more readers, more money, more laborers, more souls saved from eternal death.

Do you not see our chain of reasoning? Will not every woman, every young lady who reads these words secure one new name for this magazine? Do it at once, too, for it is the *little things* that are important, and a *lost opportunity* means lost forever. Will you heed our call?

Mary B. Laflin.

Chicago.

SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT WORKING YEAR.

Dear *Woman's Work:*

Is it too early or too late to make a suggestion about our new year's work?

In looking over the statement of receipts by the Foreign Board from the Woman's Societies I find that the net loss is nearly $2,000. Of course, we women do not wish such a report to be made next year, and it seems to me that just now, the sooner the better, is the time for us to begin to make arrangements to prevent it. But how? Some years we have had "necktie funds," or "thank offering meetings," or "twenty-five cents extra," but I think perhaps most of the faithful givers are just a little tired of these special efforts, which only last for the year they are made, and even then are sometimes "taking from one pocket to put into another."

I believe that many of the regular contributors to our foreign work are giving conscientiously up to their ability, and perhaps the urging of an "extra" payment year after year is a little disheartening to the faithful ones.

Therefore I would like to suggest an effort toward increasing the regular flow of funds into our treasuries in which

every member of every auxiliary can take a part if she will. It is that we each try to interest or bring in a new member. Of course, I am not so infatuated over "schemes" as to begin to calculate what the increase will be if every member adds a new one; but every member can do something, and if only one additional woman in each church is brought into our working force this year, is it not worth the effort and is it not worthy to be made a special subject of prayer? Can we not, in our own homes, in calling on church acquaintances, among the people we meet in summer boarding-houses and at watering places, use a little guile in leading conversation up to foreign missions, in calling attention to interesting incidents we have heard at our meetings, by loaning missionary books, by having on hand always a few copies of our magazines and leaflets,—can we not by any or all of these means, which are within the reach of any woman of ordinary intelligence, draw in some women who are just needing this help, which we may give, toward a more purposeful and self-forgetful life?

At any rate, is it not worth trying?

P. T.

MISSIONARY INTEREST IN THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

THERE is an increasing amount of giving for missions in the Christian Endeavor Society, but it seems sometimes as if the amount of missionary information depended too much on the knowledge and interest of the chairman of the missionary committee.

Money may continue to be given, but more important than money is continual increase of knowledge. Zeal flags without it. Many of the C. E. members have never before been cognizant of the privilege of helping on the spread of Christ's kingdom everywhere. They have never before felt the force of C. E. to be CHRIST EVERYWHERE. It is easier to get people to give, than to get them to learn facts for themselves.

An adaptation of "Missionary Tens," described in *Woman's Work* for February, 1890, has started a number of societies on the systematic methods of acquiring information there described, though in a modified form. "Christian Endeavor and Missions" was the outcome of such an organization, this being the title of a leaflet issued by the United Society in Boston.

While noting the wisdom of such methods, see to it that your own Society's requirements are fully met; and, because many say it is impossible to have a missionary meeting every month, until you have fully proved that you cannot, hold this monthly meeting. It is far too seldom to have it only quarterly. We "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord" when we are looking after the "other sheep," "not of this fold," but wherever they are lost.

The little over one-tenth of the world that loves Christ must look well and at once to the other nine-tenths. As a mute appeal to their great needs, have always a map of the world before the Society at each weekly meeting. With their superb enthusiasm and opportunities, the Christian Endeavor Societies can rouse the whole Church (if they but give the requisite attention and study to the "field which is the world,") to its duty of setting to work to save *all men* as if delay were fatal. Will not all these Societies hasten to study the facts that shall quicken their zeal till "every knee shall bow" in this our day and generation?

Alexander the Great conquered the world, he said, by not delaying.

"He stoops to-day our aid to ask,
His name He bids us wear,
The triumph of His onward path
By sovereign grace we share:
O loiter not! to heathen gloom
Bear on the torch, His Word—
What glory for a ransomed soul
To help the Almighty Lord!"

V. F. P.

A NUMBER of our own missionaries were among the one hundred and three members in attendance upon the annual meeting of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, in June. In the women's half-day session, all who had been not less than twenty-five years on the field were invited to a seat on the platform. Among the eleven who responded was Mrs. J. L. Nevius.

The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Jewett, for thirty-seven years among the Telugus in India; by Mrs. Schneider, thirty years, and Mrs. Parsons, forty-two

years in Turkey. The latter is the mother of our Mrs. Abbey, and in all this time has spent less than two years in America. Several of our young missionaries were also among the speakers. The whole meeting of the Union has been so fully reported in the newspapers that it would be out of date to repeat the particulars here.

A PLEA.

"He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me."—*Matt. x., 37.*

In far lands, across deep waters,
Where earth's sunshine seems so bright,
There is wailing in deep darkness,
Eager crying for the light:
"Daughters of yon Christian countries,
Take away this blackest night."

Mother, may I go and take them
Light that fills our home with song?
"No?" Can't spare me? But they're dying
While you keep me here so long.

Bid me go to little children
Knowing naught of Jesus' love;
Bid me tell young men and maidens
Of our happy home above.

Bid me tell some heartsore mother,
Weary, of the Crucified;
While your love and prayer support me
In the work far from your side.

I would not a moment's sorrow
Cause your tender mother-heart;
But let me in the stillness whisper,
We shall not be far apart!

He who says, "Go tell the story
Of my love in every land,"
Will keep us both within the hollow
Of his strong, all-powerful hand.

Closer drawn unto Our Father
We shall meet in hourly prayer,
Hold sweet, heart-to-heart communion,
Living each in his dear care.

Christian Mothers, send loved daughters,
Strengthened in the Saviour's might,
To end this wailing in deep darkness,
This sad crying for the light:
"Daughters of yon Christian countries,
Take away our blackest night."

One of the Daughters.

SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS.

June 18.—At Vancouver, Mrs. John Wherry and daughter Edith, from Peking. Address, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York.

July 1.—At New York, J. G. Wishard, M.D., from Persia. Address, Danville, Ind.

DEPARTURES.

June 2.—From San Francisco, Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Porter, returning to the West Japan Mission.

July 16.—From New York, Miss Nassau, returning to the Gaboon Mission, West Africa; and Miss Louisa A. Babe, to join the same mission.

DEATH.

May 23.—At Osaka, Japan, suddenly, Ella Lilian, nearly fourteen, eldest child of Rev. and Mrs. T. T. Alexander.

To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.

Directors' Meeting first Tuesday of the month, at 11.30 A.M., and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

MISS I. A. NASSAU is about returning to Africa, where she hopes to enter upon her twenty-fifth year of labor with renewed vigor. Let our prayers follow her as she journeys to the land she so much loves.

MISS EMMA HITCHCOCK has received her appointment to Chieng Mai, Laos. Miss H. is a member of the Walnut Street Church, Philadelphia. She has been looking forward to missionary work for a number of years, and now that her desire is to be realized, the ladies of the church, in a farewell meeting given her, bade her God-speed as she goes forth to her untried field of labor.

WE are now collecting material for a third Book of Exercises. Mission Bands having exercises, recitations, etc., and especially original material, that have been used by them, would greatly assist a prompt issue, if they would send the same to Miss F. U. Nelson, 1334 Chestnut Street.

THE *Manual of Prayer*, price, five cents, may be found helpful to many who have never raised their voices in audible prayer. We have

also a supply of *Our Auxiliaries*, two cents each, or twenty cents per dozen, by Mrs. Walter Condict.

THE following is a noble record of the gifts from the young people of this Society: From Mission Bands and Sabbath-schools, $40,747.75; from Christian Endeavor Societies, $1,795.21, making a total of $42,542.96.

From New York.

Prayer-meetings at 53 Fifth Avenue are discontinued during July, August and September.

IT is pleasant to remind the leaders and members of our Bands that the $5,000 called for from the children last year for buildings at Yamaguchi was made up before May 1. Since that date all money received for that purpose has been appropriated to the work undertaken by the children this year—the building of a Home for Chinese girls in San Francisco. Keep watch in *Children's Work for Children* for the reports made of this work. Nothing is more interesting.

WILL not those of our members who go from our larger cities, where more information is at hand concerning our work abroad, give of that which they have learned during the winter to members of the country churches where they may sojourn during the summer? Take the stimulating influences of those prayer-meetings at "53" to your fellow-worker in the country (those who were there). The hope of our Board the present year is in the energizing of the smaller societies. Put yourself, my sister, in communication with the missionary society of the church which you attend, and should there, by any chance, be no such thing, shall there not be before you leave?

WE congratulate the church in Greenwich, Conn., on the formation of a Woman's Missionary Society. The President is Miss Carll, the Secretary, Miss A. H. Allcorn. They mean to work and to *give*.

IT is a sad duty to record the death of the beloved President emeritus of the Rochester Presbyterial Society, Mrs. S. J. Nichols. Her familiar and gracious presence at our annual meetings will be sadly missed, even more sadly will she be missed by the members of her Presbyterial and church societies, who depended upon her counsel, her intimate knowledge of missionary work and her deep spirituality. The sight of her face was as a benediction—who that has known her is not grateful for that privilege? As the Secretary of the Society well writes, "A rare woman gone to her great reward."

AGAIN our Board of Managers has been called upon to mourn the loss of a dearly-loved and peculiarly esteemed member, Mrs. Theodore L. Cuyler, who came to us from our sister Society of Philadelphia many years ago. Peculiarly gentle and considerate of the opinions of others yet firm in her own ideas, calm in her judgments yet with a deep sense of her duty and love for her work, she had the love and respect of all her co-workers. At the time of the annual meeting she was seized with severe illness, deeply regretting that she was thus debarred from participating in its sessions. It is indeed a sorrow that we shall see her face no more among us here.

THE paper read by Mrs. Walter Condict at the annual meeting in New York and received with much favor, *Our Auxiliaries*, has been published by special request as a leaflet. Price, two cents, twenty cents a dozen.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting, first Monday of each month, at 933 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises by Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

THE Occidental School has been moved from Clay Street to brighter, sunnier rooms on Brennan Place. The School Committee have made the rooms attractive. The opening exercises were held on Monday, June 20, when a number of the ladies of the Board were present. Miss Alexander, our new teacher, is succeeding well with the children.

WHAT are you doing for our new Chinese Home? Do you realize how we need it? If so, you are surely doing something to help us. The children throughout the country are working for it. Do not let us fall behind them. We long to see these rescued girls in comfortable rooms and you can help us to put them there. Remember that all gifts for the new Home must be outside of previous pledges or usual gifts.

ALL money for the new Chinese Home should be sent to Miss D. Easton, 933 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

DIED in Tucson, Arizona, May 30, Miss Mary M. Baskin, for fourteen years teacher of the Occidental School, San Francisco. In July, 1878, Miss Baskin took charge of this school under the Occidental Board. She was an experienced teacher and soon grew to have a strange fondness for her little brown pupils. Her painstaking efforts were rewarded by their very rapid progress, especially in knowledge of the Scriptures. She taught under many discouragements. Her school-room was always in the heart of the Chinese quarters, and the surroundings were not pleasant nor healthful. Changes were frequent among the families of her patrons. Some returned to China and others went to work. Her advanced class was taken away to form the new public school and she missed them. Still, the new scholar found her just as careful in instructing him as if he were to be with her for years. She never gave up her boys, even though they went to interior

towns in China, but sent and received letters from pupils in Honolulu, the Eastern States and from China.

Miss Baskin was unusually well qualified as a teacher of Chinese. She was decided in discipline, but kind and helpful to all. "Faithful" is the word, more than all others, expressing her relation to her work. When strength began to fail she was unwilling to give the school out of her hands, and only when loving friends urged rest did she consent to take a vacation. In December she went to Southern California. A friend, there, writes of her: "We talked of the home-going many times and she would say, 'I feel as though I could stretch out my hand and brush away the veil which hides it.' One morning, after a sleepless night, she said: 'I could not sleep, for I have been struggling to reconcile myself to living without my work. It would be so much easier to die.'"

She did not gain strength and friends advised a change to Arizona. But again hopes were disappointed. After weeks of intense suffering she closed her poor sleepless eyes upon earthly scenes to open them upon the glories of heaven, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

On Saturday, June 5, all that was mortal of our dear friend was laid away in the hope of a glorious appearing, when He shall come whom she so delighted to serve.

Her work is done, her Saviour's will obeyed, and she is with the King in His beauty. Our great loss is her infinite gain. "He doeth all things well."

M. D. Condit.

OAKLAND, June 12, 1892.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

CONNECTICUT.
Greenwich.

DELAWARE.
Newark, S. C. E.

KANSAS.
Cherokee.
Chetopa.
McCune.
Pratt.
Pratt, Bd.

NEW JERSEY.
Hackensack, S. C. E.
Trenton, 5th Ch., Y. L. S.

OHIO.
Cincinnati, 2d Ch., S. C. E.
Middleport, S. C. E.
Salem, S. C. E.
Willoughby, S. C. E.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Ashley, King's Messengers.
Altoona, 2d Ch., S. C. E.
Hadley, S. C. E.
Mt. Washington, King's Standard Bearers.
May Blossoms.
Missionary Aids.
Workers for Christ.
Murrysville, S. C. E.
North East, S. C. E.
Parker City, S. C. E.
Philadelphia, 9th Ch.
Pittsburgh, South Side Ch., S. C. E.
Shickshinny, S. C. E.
Titusville, S. C. E.

TENNESSEE.
North Side, S. C. E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from June 1, 1892.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BLAIRSVILLE.—Blairsville, 73.89; Braddock, 25; Derry, 14.40; Johnstown, I-will-try Bd., 8.50; Ligonier, Mrs. O. H. Denny, 25; New Alexandria, 10, 156.79

CHESTER.—Chester, 1st, 10, S.C.E., 10; Coatesville, 5; Lincoln, Willing Workers, 1.50; Trinity, Boys' Bd., 5.50, Mustard Seeds, 1, 33.00

LACKAWANNA.—Pleasant Mount, Cheerful Workers, 6.00

LEHIGH.—Allentown, Loring Circle, 10.90; Audenried, 6.36; Easton, 1st, 55; Easton, Brainerd, 34.02; Hazleton, 13.90, Wild Daisy Bd., 5; Mauch Chunk, 50; Reading, 1st, 26.40; Reading, Olivet, Aftermath Bd., 10; Summit Hill, Rev. J. White Bd., 10; Upper Lehigh, 75, 296.58

MARION.—Marion, Landes Bd., 3; Sunbury, Mrs. M. E. Wharton, dec'd, 100, 103.00

NEWARK.—Newark, S. Park, James P. Wilson Bd., 2.00

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Trenton, Prospect St., S.C.E., 2.00

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Bloomsburg, 32.00

PHILADELPHIA.—Arch St., 225; Beacon, 15, Livingstone Bd, 8; Bethany, Girls' Jr. S.C.E., 6; Central, S.C.E., 25; Chambers, S.S., 50; Kensington, 1st, 130; North Liberties, 1st, Little Gleaners, 30; Northminster, S.S., 36; North Broad St., 111.69, Wadsworth Bd., 14; Olivet, 75; Patterson Mem., S.S., 40; Southwestern, Mizpah Bd., 15; Walnut St., Dr. Thompson Bd., 30; 2d Ch., Beadle Bd., 122; Woodland, Mrs. C. C. Sinclair, *special*, 500, 1,432.69

SHENANGO.—New Brighton, Mrs. M. E. Palmer, 100.00

SIAM.—Wang Hlang, S.S., 31.11

STEUBENVILLE.—E. Springfield, 14.45; Scio, a lady, 1,000, 1,014.45

WASHINGTON CITY.—Falls Ch., 5; Hyattsville, S.C.E., 10; McIlvaine Bd., 10; Washington, 1st, 67.50, Y.L.S., 10; 4th, 9.22; 6th, 32; Fifteenth St., 10; Assembly, 10; Covenant, 34.75, Y.L.S., 10; Eastern, 5; Gunton Temple, Memorial, 11; Gurley Memorial, 11.56; Metropolitan, 25, Mateer Bd., 35; New York Ave., 164.90, Bethany Bd., 10; North, 22.50; Western, 12.50; West St., 18; Westminster, 10, 533.93

MISCELLANEOUS.—Charleston, S. C., 1st Ch., inf. sch., 6; E. Downingtown, Mrs. E. J. Tutton, 25; Mansfield, O., anon., 1; interest on investments, 187.48; interest on deposits, 141.64, 361.12

Total for June, 1892,	$4,104.67
Total since May 1, 1892,	5,472.95

BOXES SENT.

Frankford Ch., Phila., box to Mrs., Ferris, India; Westminster Ch., Phila., box to Aaleih, Syria, valued at $30; Central Ch., Phila., Y.L.B., work bags to Mrs. Calderwood, Messenger Bd., aprons to Sidon Sem.; Allentown, Pa., Loring Circle, box to Miss Dale, Teheran; Berwyn, Pa., Willing Workers and Mustard Seeds, box to Mrs. Calderwood, valued at $12.75; Marietta, Pa., aux. to Sidon Sem.; Pittsburgh, Pa., Chalfant Bd., sent Christmas box to Mrs. Trippe, Salamanca, N. Y.; Oxford, Pa., American Chapter, box to Miss Kate McBeth; Orange, N. J., box to Miss Cuthbert, Japan, valued at $167.45; South Orange, N. J., Y.L.S., box to Mrs. Holcomb, Jhansi; Wenonah, N. J., Y.L.B., box to Mrs. Leaman, China; Phillipsburg, N. J., package, Mrs. Leaman; Moundsville, W. Va., package to Mrs. Ferris, India; Hagerstown, Md., package to Miss S. L. McBeth; Cleveland, O., Y.L.B., package to Mrs. Henry, Canton; booklets and picture cards from Covington, Pa., Dayton, O., Baltimore, Md., and various unknown sources, have been distributed where needed.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
July 1, 1892. 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to June 20, 1892.

BLOOMINGTON.—Bement, 3.35; Bloomington, 1st, S.C.E., 11.96; Champaign, 115.80; Clinton, 40; Cooksville, 4.71; Gilman, 15; Lexington, S.S., 2; Onarga, 1.28; Selma, 5.65; Tolono, 4.30, 204.05

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 35.85, Railroad Chapel, Y.L.S., 6.25; 2d, S.C.E., 2.60; 4th, Mrs. C. H. McCormick, 200; 5th, S.C.E., 10; Ch. of the Covenant, 22.21; Fullerton Ave. Ch., 18.40, 295.31

CRAWFORDSVILLE.—Bethany, 30; Crawfordsville, Center Ch., 30, Y.L.S., 5; Dayton, 25; Frankfort, 35; Ladoga, 12.40; Lafayette, 1st, 31; 2d, S.C.E., 15; Lexington, South, Mrs. Young, 100; Newtown, 14.15, Buds of Promise, 10; Romney, 10; Thorntown, 10; Veedersburgh, 2.70, Bd., 7.20; Waveland, 6.25, 343.70

DUBUQUE.—Hopkinton, 27.85

FT. WAYNE.—Ft. Wayne, 1st, 60.85, S.S., 47.50, Mrs. D. B. Wells' cl., 16; Goshen, 15.49; Kendallville, 4.95, 144.79

FREEPORT.—Belvidere, 11.77; Freeport, 1st, S.C.E., 21.58, Y.L.S., 30; Galena, 1st, 10; Polo, S.S., Easter off., 15, 88.35
GRAND RAPIDS.—Grand Rapids, 1st, 10; Westminster Ch., 15.45; Hesperia, 2.50; Ionia, 12, King's Children, 12.70, 52.65
HASTINGS.—Holdrege, Mrs. C. M. Sheldon, 10.00
KEARNEY.—Central City, S.C.E., 35; North Platte, 5, S. C.E., 8.85, 48.85
LIMA.—Ada, birthday gift from a life member, 5; Van Wert, 22.61, 27.61
LOGANSPORT.—Bethlehem, 8; Bourbon, 1.14; Concord, 1.33; La Porte, 31.32; Michigan City, 7.40; Remington, 4; Rochester, 3.50, 56.69
MADISON.—Baraboo, 10; Prairie du Sac, 5.50, 15.50
MANKATO.—Redwood Falls, Little Heralds, 4.37; Worthington, Jr. C.E.S., 2, 6.37
MATTOON.—Assumption, 8.55; Effingham, 20.10; Taylorville, 28.22; Tuscola, 8.10, 64.97
MONROE.—Hillsdale, legacy of Miss M. O'Donoughue, 100.00
OTTAWA.—Aux Sable, 13.40; Morris, 5.50, 18.90
PUEBLO.—Colorado Springs, 13.73; 2d, S.C.E., 2.25, 15.98
ROCK RIVER.—Aledo, 10; Alexis, 5.85; Ashton, 6.25; Dixon, 5; Franklin Grove, 1; Garden Plain, 6.75; Hamlet and Perryton, 20; Milan, 4.37; Morrison, King's Birdies, 92 cts.; Newton, Earnest Workers, 3.40; Norwood, 3.50; Princeton, 10.40; Rock Island, Central Ch., 17; Broadway Ch., 7.60, Ruth's Bd., 6.25, Willing Workers, 12, 120.29
ST. PAUL.—Macalester, King's Cadets, 2; Minneapolis, 5th, 4.25; Andrew Ch., S.C.E., 25; Elim, S.C.E., 1.06; Bethlehem Ch., 9.07, S.C.E., 12.50; Oliver Ch., Earnest Workers, 18; Westminster Ch., 183; Fairview Chapel, 50; St. Paul, Central Ch., 35; Stillwater, Allbright Bd., 103; life member, 12, 454.88
UTAH.—Salt Lake, 1st, 36.27, The King's Messengers, 6, 42.27
VINCENNES.—Vincennes, Indiana Ch., 5.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Hillsboro, Ill., 5.20; Newtown, Ind., Buds of Promise, 5; Bement, Ill., 5.50; Warsaw, Ind., Girls' Bd., 3.35; St. Paul, Central Ch., S.C.E., 57; four "Passover Memorial" offs., 4; rebate on interior sub'ns, Evanston, Ill., 1, Riverside, Ill., 1; sale of Brief Record, 1.20, 83.25

Total for month,	$2,227.26
Total receipts since April 20,	2.709.59

$18 credited to Tecumseh, Mich., last year, was given by the Y.L.S. there.

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
CHICAGO, June 20, 1892. Room 48 McCormick Block.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for June, 1892.

BINGHAMTON.—Cortland, 45.11
BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, Classon Ave., 98.40; Duryea, 8.17; 1st, 16.30, Y.L.S., 1, Girls' Bd., 35; Greene Ave., 2.76; Lafayette Ave., 151.08; Memorial, 26.25; Ross St., 9.84, Y.P.S.C.E., 17.50; South Third St., 91.42; Throop Ave., 31.59, Girls' Bd., 10.64; Westminster, 43.36; Stapleton, S. I., 1st, 29.17, 572.48
BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Ch. of the Covenant, Hopeful Bd., 18; Ch. of the Redeemer, 2.50, Coral Workers, 1.25; North Ch., 23.60; Jamestown, S.S., 15; Lancaster, 10, 70.35
CAYUGA.—Auburn, Calvary, Y.L.S., 6.28; Central, King's Daughters, 5; Fair Haven, 1.50; Ithaca, King's Messengers, 3, 15.78
CHEMUNG.—Dundee, Mrs. Ayers, 40.00
GENEVA.—Shortsville, Carrier Doves, 12.50; Waterloo, 10, 22.50
HUDSON.—Hopewell, 10; Washingtonville, 25, 35.00
LONG ISLAND.—Bridgehampton, 28.50; Cutchogue, Miss. Bd., 25; East Hampton, 23; Middle Island, 7.50; Selden, 86 cts.; Southampton, 7.71; Southold, Y.P.S., 3.75; West Hampton, 6.57; Yaphank, Willing Workers, 3.52, 106.41
LOUISVILLE, KY.—Louisville, College St., 2.50
MORRIS AND ORANGE, N. J.—Morristown, 1st, 300 (given for 1892-'93), S.S. Miss. Soc., 75; South St., Y.L.S., 75, 450.00
NASSAU.—Freeport, 28.08; Huntington, 1st, 20; Newtown, 15; Smithtown, 8, 71.08
NEW YORK.—New York, Brick, S.S., *special*, 136; Calvary, Progress Miss. Bd., 5; Central, 125, King's Messengers, 41.03; 1st, 65.16; Mt Washington, 30; North, 60; Rutgers Riverside, 450; Washington Heights, 37, Miss. Bd., 25; West, 300, Children's Ch. Soc., 150; West End, Nimble Fingers, 25; cash, 10; the Misses Judd, 16; two friends, 500, 1,975.19
NIAGARA.—Niagara Falls, 10.88; Tonawanda, 7, 17.88
ROCHESTER.—Dansville, 75; Lima, 13; Livonia, 10; Rochester, Central, 50, Jenny Lush Soc., 30, Y.P.S.C.E., 50; 1st, 50, 278.00
ST. LAWRENCE.—Gouverneur, 30; Watertown, 1st, 45; Stone St., 8, 83.00
TRANSYLVANIA, KY.—Lebanon, 15.00
WESTCHESTER.—Bridgeport, Conn., a little boy, 56 cts.; Dobbs Ferry, 1.33; Mt. Vernon, 20.84; Peekskill, 1st, 100; Sing Sing, 32; Yonkers, Westminster, 25, 179.73
MISCELLANEOUS.—East Bloomfield, N. Y., W. F. Soc., 15.16; Tahlequah, Ind. Ter., Pres. Ch., C.E. Soc., 2, 17.16

Total,	$3,997.17
Total since April 1, 1892,	8,627.47

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
53 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest for the quarter ending June 24, 1892.

AUSTIN.—Mrs. Smith and S.S., San Angelo, 12.50
EMPORIA.—Burlington, 1.25; Council Grove, 2.85; Derby, 4.82; Wichita, 1st Ch., 32.27, Miss. Bd., 5, 46.19
LARNED.—Burrton, Mrs. Wilson's cl., 1; Halstead, 3.70; Hutchinson, Pearl Gatherers, 5; Lyons, 10; McPherson, 8.50, S.C.E., 11.24, 39.44
OZARK.—Ash Grove, 29.53; Carthage, 1st Ch., 4.35; Eureka Springs, 9.50; Greenfield, 5.14; Hope, S.C.E., 2.20; Irwin, 5; Mt. Vernon, 11.50; Ozark Prairie, Golden Threads, 5; Springfield, Cal. Ch., 11.25, 83.47
PALMYRA.—Ben Bow, 10; Macon City, 2.50, 12.50
PLATTE.—Fairfax, Morning Star Bd., 10; Parkville, 48.20; M. J. H. B., 10; (51 cts. famine fund); St. Joe, Westminster, 25; Weston, Earnest Workers, 5, 98.20
ST. LOUIS.—Ironton, 5; St. Louis, friend, 10; 1st German, 20; 2d Ch., Wall Builders, 40; (famine fund); Washington and Compton Ave., 125; Webster Groves, Y.M.B., 10, 210.00
TOPEKA.—Junction City, 7.50; Kansas City, 1st Ch., C. M.C., 40; Leavenworth, 1st Ch., 20; For. Miss. Lights, 25, 92.50
TRINITY.—Albany, 30; Baird, 4, 34.00
MISCELLANEOUS.—Lamar, Mo., 7; Ann. Meeting, 1, 8.00

Total receipts, $636.80

MISS JENNIE MCGINTIE, *Treas.*,
4201 Annex, Page Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions to June 22, 1892.

BENECIA.—Napa, S.C.E., 15; Petaluma, 3; San Rafael, 36.80; Santa Rosa, 7, Mary Lyon Soc., 18.75, 80.55
LOS ANGELES.—Carpenteria, 2; National City, Golden Links Bd., 3; Orange, 7.50; Pasadena, 8.19; Pomona, 2.45; Riverside, Arlington, 10; Tustin, 2.90, Busy Bee Bd., 5; Ventura, 6.70, 47.74
OAKLAND.—Alameda, 1st, 25; Berkeley, 1st, 25.25; Brooklyn, 65; East Oakland, Centennial, 5.60; Oakland, 1st, 101.90; Oakland, 2d, 10; Prospect Hill, 2.30, 235.05
SAN FRANCISCO.—Calvary Ch., 13.75; 1st, 11; Trinity, 12.65, 37.40
SAN JOSÉ.—San José, 1st, 68.45, Alexander Duff Soc., 4, 72.45
MISCELLANEOUS.—Board received at the "Home," 300; Light House Bd. (Chinese girls), 13.91; contribution box, 43.45; Mrs. R. Johnston, E. Groveland, N. Y., 10; Crescent Ave. S.S., Plainfield, N. J., 75; Mrs. J. P. Ammidon, Baltimore, Md., 35; Mrs. C. J. King, Saticoy, Cal., 10; Miss Beazley, San Francisco, Cal., 5; Miss Bracken, Los Angeles, Cal., 5; a friend, Los Angeles, 20; unknown friend, Los Angeles, 200, 717.36

	$1,190.55
Previously acknowledged,	17.25
To date,	$1,207.80

MRS. E. G. DENNISTON, *Treas.*,
933 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal.
June 22, 1892.

INFORMATION CONSERVATION INC ICI